

Américas

SALUTE TO PANAMA

on its fiftieth birthday

Ricardo Odnoposoff,
**ARGENTINE
VIRTUOSO**

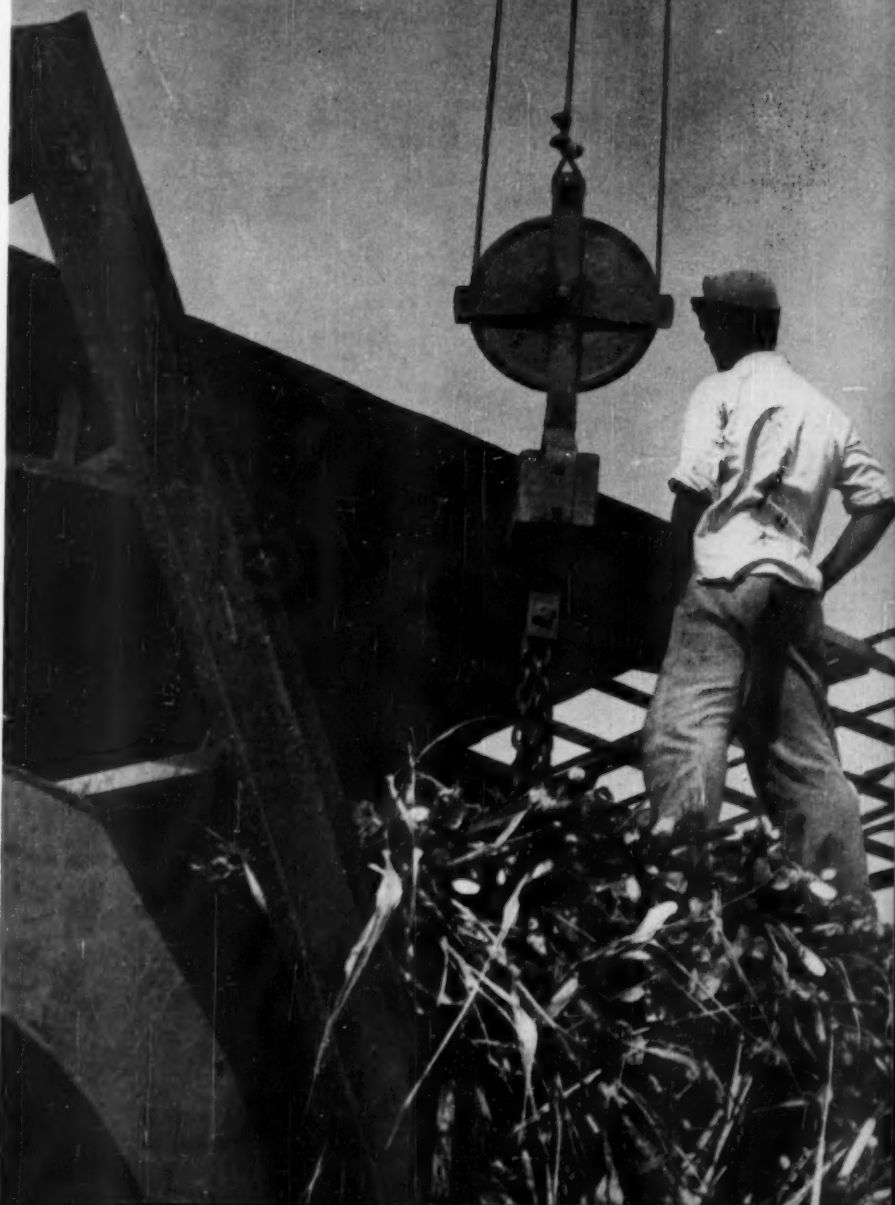
**WIZARDS,
JUNIOR GRADE**

A Brazilian journey to
**THE SLEEPING
BEAUTIES OF
MINAS GERAIS**

25

cents

*Loading sugar cane,
a major crop in Panama,
at La Ofelina plantation
(see page 3)*





Américas

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Dear Reader

To many of the delegates to the Tenth Inter-American Conference in Caracas, its site will be no surprise—as long as they haven't ever been there before. But if their experience is like mine—I have just revisited it after a lapse of eleven years—they won't be able to recognize it. Actually, there were only three or four places that I remembered: Miraflores Palace; the Casa Amarilla, where the Foreign Ministry offices are located; the Pantheon; the birthplace of the Liberator. Everything else is changed, much more than the *caraqueños* themselves believe. For when an avenue is cut through a block of ancient buildings, even though many houses remain, the city's appearance is radically different to anyone who did not witness the operation.

This process has been going on in Caracas for several years, but recently, with the Inter-American Conference setting a definite target date, the work has been intensified. Take University City, for example, where the principal sessions of the Conference will take place. The Great Hall of the University, built especially for the Conference, fulfills all the modern requirements of a meeting place for a multi-lingual international conference, with room enough even for a meeting of the UN General Assembly. The administrators, architects, builders, and other technicians working on it—all very young—are admirably dynamic and, on the basis of their experience with such University buildings as the stadia, there is no doubt about the final result and the date of completion. The building that will later be the library, a quadrangular tower that dominates the campus, will house the committees spaciouly, plus a large part of the secretariat. But the General Secretariat itself, the administration of the vast enterprise, will be in still another building, into which it must be moving even now.

In addition to these works exclusively intended for the Conference and, afterward, the University, Caracas is finishing a network of avenues and superhighways that will solve its serious traffic problem, the result of the great number of motor vehicles as well as a crazy topography, which is precisely what gives it its incomparable natural beauty. Among these projects is the speedway to the sea, which will make Caracas a port after four centuries as an inland city and at least three of isolation behind the mountains. This highway, which will cut the trip to a little over fifteen minutes, is a marvel of modern road-building. Thanks to it, a delegate who arrives at the airport of ancient La Guaira, or the marine terminal—also recently constructed—right in the hot, damp tropics, will be on the streets of Caracas within a few minutes, in a gentle climate like that of spring in the temperate zone, at the foot of high, refreshing mountains.

The delegates from all the American countries who attended the meeting of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council in Caracas a few months ago well know how the Venezuelans stage a conference. But for the Tenth Conference the preparations are undoubtedly much more vast. I felt proud when I saw the effort a member state of the OAS puts forth to play its part as the seat of an Inter-American Conference. It was the same way in the past. Even in this purely physical, external aspect, there is no other event in the Hemisphere's international life more important than the meeting of the supreme body of the OAS.


Secretary General

Opposite: Pre-Columbian gold eagles from Panama. Robert Woods Bliss Collection, National Gallery of Art in Washington

CONTRIBUTORS

For the lead article in this issue celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the youngest republic in America, we called on a native son to assess his country's growth. The result is "Salute to Panama," by RODRIGO MIRÓ, professor of Panamanian literature at the University of Panama. Son of the famed poet Ricardo Miró, the author is an outstanding authority on the cultural development of this world crossroads. He is the author of various research works, among them *Teoría de la Patria* (Theory of the Fatherland), *Cien Años de Poesía Panameña* (A Hundred Years of Panamanian Poetry), and many other books, which have raised him to top rank among the country's noted intellectuals. Although Mr. Miró has been formally educated through high school, he is self-taught and has followed his own plan of study since then.

Spanish-born ANGEL RUBIO provides an outsider's viewpoint on Panama, drawing a picture of his adopted country in "The Land and the People." Dr. Rubio is professor of history and geography at the University of Panama, and has represented the republic at various international conferences of a technical nature. He has written many works on the colonial history of Spanish America, and has in preparation a geography of Panama.



Hungarian-born PAULO RÓNAI of Brazil, who describes "The Sleeping Beauties of Minas Gerais," studied at the Universities of Budapest and Paris. A skilled translator, he has done much to promote Brazilian literature abroad by publishing an *Anthology of Modern Brazilian Poetry* in Hungarian and a French translation of Manuel Antonio de Almeida's *Memórias de um Sargento de Milícias* (Memoirs of a Sergeant of Militia). Since 1941, Dr. Rónai has lived in Rio, where he is a

professor at the Colégio Pedro II and at the Institute of Education. His other literary works include a complete and annotated edition of Balzac's *The Human Comedy*, and a number of textbooks. At present, he is compiling *Mar de Histórias* (A Sea of Stories), a world-wide anthology of stories in ten volumes.



Writing about Latin America's "cultural ambassadors" is nothing new to JAMES LYONS, feature editor of *Musical America*, whose profile of the violinist Ricardo Odnoposoff appears here under the title "Argentine Virtuoso." Mr. Lyons is also associate editor of *The American Record Guide* and program annotator for various recording firms. Born in Peabody, Massachusetts, he attended Boston University (where he received his journalism degree), Harvard, the New England Conservatory

of Music, NYU, and the University of Miami. He began his newspaper career as an editorial writer on *The Miami Herald*.

In 1949, he wrote a long series of articles from Latin America for the Chicago Daily News Foreign Service. Mr. Lyons' articles have also appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, *The New Leader*, and other magazines, and in 1947 he was awarded the annual gold medal of the American Newspaper Publishers Association.



"When I was very young, I became interested in plants. Then I took up botany, and haven't finished yet," says LOUIS O. WILLIAMS, a native of Jackson, Wyoming, who has been working at the Pan American Agricultural School in Honduras since 1946. This month he tells us something about the school's "Apprentice Farmers," also portrayed by him in the accompanying photographs. Research Associate at the Botanical Museum of Harvard University for eleven years, Mr. Williams

specialized in the classification of orchids. During World War II, he went to Brazil on a rubber development project. His present work includes research on food plants and the general flora of Central America and southern Mexico.



Lost in the dizzy pace of modern civilization are all the pretty rules of etiquette that once made behavior a matter of ceremony, a language of sentiment, appreciation, and intention. Peruvian JOSÉ DURAND, who has made a study of colonial literature and customs, explains to us the significance of many of the exaggerated forms of "Colonial Etiquette" that prevailed in early America and which may seem to us slightly

overdone. During a visit to the United States last year, Dr. Durand lectured at Princeton, Rutgers, and the University of Texas. Back home in Lima, he has just joined the faculty of the University of San Marcos.

In our book section, Dr. JORDAN M. YOUNG—who studied at the University of São Paulo and worked as a sociologist in Brazil's mining regions, the dry Northeast, and the Amazon country before joining the Princeton faculty in 1950 to teach Latin American history and political affairs—considers two dramatically opposite points of view on that major mystery of the Brazilian wilderness, the adventures and disappearance of Colonel P. H. Fawcett. He contrasts two new books on the subject, one published in the United States, the other in Brazil. *Lost Trails, Lost Cities* is Fawcett's own record, edited by his son Brian. The other volume is *Esqueleto na Lagoa Verde* (Skeleton in the Green Lake), by Brazilian journalist Antonio Callado. Cuban-born GUILLERMO CARRERA LEIVA of the PAU Law and Treaties Division gives his reaction to *El Gallo en el Espejo* (The Cock in the Mirror), short stories about Cuba by Enrique Labrador Ruiz.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization; and the quarterly *Panorama*, which republishes in full, in their original languages, outstanding articles from newspapers and magazines all over the Hemisphere.



Need for building Panama Canal, heroic job pictured in mural, helped make Panama an independent country fifty years ago

Salute to P A N A M A

On its fiftieth birthday

Rodrigo Miró

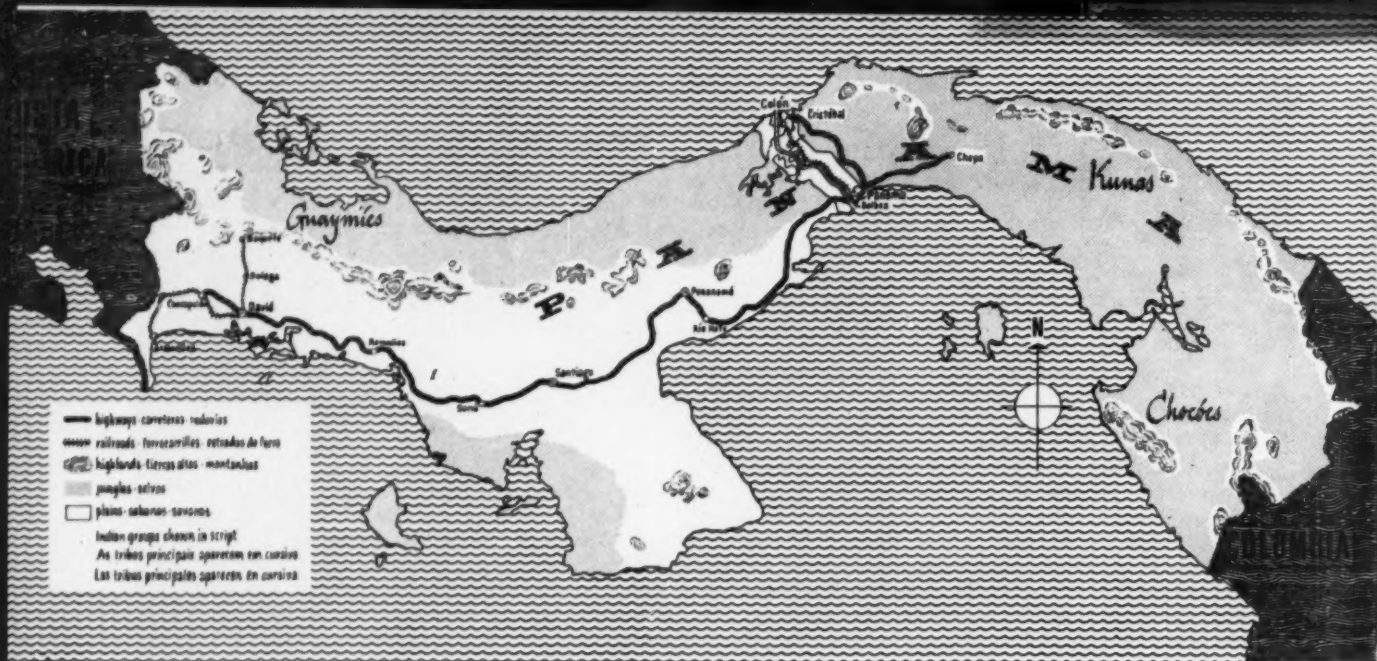
THE CREATION of the Republic of Panama in November 1903, with a population of some three hundred thousand souls and an area of 29,000 square miles, began one of the most reassuring series of events seen in America in this century. For in only half a century of independent life, the Isthmian nation has made really amazing progress.

A land with a long history—in fact, we could say that America began here where the first Spanish adventures on the American mainland took place—it began from the earliest days to show unmistakable individuality. Geography played the dominant role in determining that distinctive destiny, confirmed, on more than one occasion, by the course of history.

This strategically located zone served as a base of operations for the conquest and colonization of Central and South America, then became the axis of the Spanish

Empire's trading system. And throughout the nineteenth century many incidents underlined both its political and its commercial importance.

From the very days of the discovery, this narrow bridge of land stretching between the two vast oceans that bathe its coasts was a permanent incentive for man to build what nature hinted at: a canal to facilitate inter-oceanic trade and travel. The efforts to change that age-old aspiration into a reality are part of the personal history of the Panamanians, and the necessity for doing it was a fundamental cause of the events at the beginning of this century that culminated in the establishment of a new nation in what had been a Department of Colombia. With construction of the Panama Canal assured by the treaty concluded between the new republic and the United States of America on November 18, 1903, this small country was finally to see its historic destiny fulfilled



when that great engineering feat opened for the world's business on August 15, 1914.

Once the nation was established under a democratic, liberal, presidential system, it turned to the task of building the new state, creating the indispensable agencies. And from the time of the administration of Dr. Manuel Amador Guerrero, chosen by the National Constitutional Convention to hold the Presidency for the period 1904-1908, public health and education were strongly pushed.

The government's favorable economic position and the general prosperity stimulated by the Canal construction accelerated the rhythm of development, causing a rapid growth of population and a corresponding expansion of the capital city. In the country's interior the stability and peace guaranteed by the new order aided the resurgence of the rural economy, which had been seriously injured by the civil war of the "thousand days" that took place between 1899 and 1902.

The administrations that followed Dr. Amador's continued the constructive labor. Magnificent buildings were erected to house the government offices. In 1910 the National Theater was inaugurated, and a year later the National Institute, a handsome educational institution and for several decades the principal pillar of our teaching system.

Uninterrupted prosperity augured well for the government of Dr. Belisario Porras, who assumed power in October 1912. A popular leader who had headed the Panamanian liberals in the days of the civil war, he was perhaps the republic's most distinguished figure. His administration was marked by notable achievements in the institutional field: it organized the offices of Registry of Vital Statistics and of Property Registry and the National Archive, nationalized the Lottery and assigned its profits to charitable purposes, ordered the preparation of the national codes of law, built the Chiriquí Railroad, began construction of the highway to connect the capital with the central provinces, and gave new impetus to

education. His term saw the inauguration of the Canal, an event of transcendental importance that implied a modification in the relations between Panama and the United States and posed new questions for the government.

Two other terms for Dr. Porras (1918-20 and 1920-24) permitted him to consolidate his conquests and carry out other changes in political and administrative organization. Meanwhile, the magnitude of the economic and social phenomena that had been taking place since the dawn of the republic began to reveal itself in disturbing ways. The 1920 census showed an increase of almost 50 per cent over the 1903 population. A similar trend was apparent in all the economic indices. To the unaccustomed pace of growth was added a new and disquieting fact: the disproportionate development of the capital and the pull of the Canal's terminal cities, which held out tempting opportunities that daily drained people from the rural areas, undermining the social equilibrium of the interior and compelling an ever-increasing dependence on the transit zone.

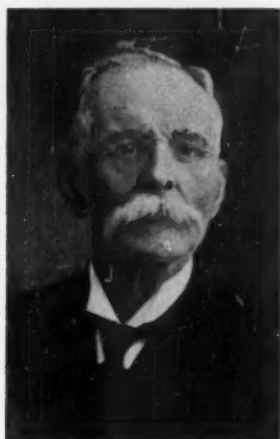
In October 1925, during the term of President Rodolfo Chiari (1924-28), and on the eve of a congress to commemorate the assembly convoked in Panama a century before by Bolívar, the acute housing situation led to serious social disturbances. Shortly afterward, during Florencio Arosemena's term (1928-32), the economic repercussions of the U.S. depression produced a political malaise that resolved itself in a violent change of government—the first in the history of the republic—carried out by Acción Comunal, a patriotic organization of nationalistic young men. Arosemena was overthrown in January 1931, and Dr. Ricardo S. Alfaro completed the term amid many difficulties.

With the restoration of constitutionality, a distinguished lawyer, Dr. Harmodio Arias, came to power with the backing of a large majority and successfully faced the many problems of the hour—unemployment, new complications arising from the housing problem, the

precarious fiscal situation, and so on. He founded the University of Panama, and, after a sensational trip to Washington for the sole purpose of discussing the matter personally with President Roosevelt, won a revision of the treaty on the Canal, improving Panama's position by eliminating some of the 1903 clauses.

For the 1936-40 term, Dr. Arias was succeeded by an experienced and capable statesman, Juan Demóstenes Arosemena, who carried out a progressive program. Arosemena was anxious to revitalize the country's interior, with a view to restoring the balance between it and the capital and Canal Zone. Among other steps in this direction, he transferred the Normal School to Santiago in Veraguas, the largest and most centrally located province. He died before completing his term,

Dr. Manuel Amador Guerrero, first President of Panama, started country on course of peaceful development



Leading Panama today is President José Antonio Remón Cantera, expected in U.S.A. on a visit soon



on December 15, 1939, and the eminent surgeon and First Alternate Dr. August S. Boyd finished out the period.

A critical stage in Panamanian political life, characterized by a tendency toward change, began with the assumption of power by Dr. Arnulfo Arias M. in October 1940. A man of strong will and a spirited innovator, he proclaimed himself the spokesman of *panameñismo*—Panama for the Panamanians—and had a new constitution adopted. Wanting to strengthen the economic position of the middle class, he nationalized retail trade. He created such institutions as the Social Security Fund

and the Agricultural and Industrial Bank, involving intervention of the state in activities with which it had not previously concerned itself. However, his tendency to regiment everything, which ran counter to the Panamanians' nature, lost him popular support. In October 1941, while he was out of the country, a *coup d'état* ended his administration. Under the constitutional formula, the Cabinet selected Ricardo Adolfo de la Guardia to take command in his capacity of Minister of Government and Justice.

During De la Guardia's administration, new defense projects in the Canal Zone necessitated by the outbreak of World War II created a bonanza era. De la Guardia did a good job of encouraging agriculture, set up the Bank of Urban Development and Rehabilitation, and negotiated an agreement on defense bases, and governed without difficulty. He revoked the 1941 Arias Constitution and called a constitutional convention, which met on June 5, 1945, and named Enrique A. Jiménez as Provisional President, to serve until 1948. On March 1, 1946, the new constitution was approved.

Jiménez' administration saw the enactment of important social legislation, the construction of the modern Tocumen airport, and the endowment of the University, which the constitutional convention had already made autonomous. Jiménez submitted the Filós-Hines Convention—a new agreement on the use of military bases for the defense of the Canal—to the National Assembly, where it was unanimously rejected under strong popular pressure. The legislature's act had strong international repercussions and obliged the United States to abandon bases occupied under agreements that had expired.

Jiménez was succeeded by the popular liberal leader Dr. Domingo A. Díaz, elected for the term 1948-52, who died in office in August 1949. Dr. Daniel Chánis, a prominent physician and the First Vice-President, took his place, but was overthrown by the National Police Force in November, which produced a grave political crisis that carried the well-known industrialist Roberto Chiari to the Presidency for a few hours and ended with the return of Dr. Arnulfo Arias. He in turn was thrown out for the second time when he tried to annul the constitution by decree in May 1951, and restore the charter he had introduced ten years before.

Alcibiades Arosemena finished out Arias' term and turned over authority to the present Chief Executive, Col. José Antonio Remón Cantera, the victor in the last elections. Scarcely a year after his assumption of power, the restlessness that characterized Panamanian life in recent years has died away. Two of the most important acts of his government are a new electoral law, designed to correct political vices, and the creation of the Institute of Economic Development, intended primarily to work for the economic rehabilitation of the interior. Just as vital, of course, are the negotiations that are now going on in Washington, on his initiative and with the warm support of the whole nation, aimed at revising the general terms of our relations with the Government of the United States.

(Continued on page 30)



When President Belisario Porras built Santo Tomás Hospital, critics called it a needless white elephant; when he was sick a few years later, it had no room to take him in

The Land and the People

Intimate glimpses of Panama

Angel Rubio

WE ARE CELEBRATING the fiftieth anniversary of a nation the poet Demetrio Korsi called a "microscopic little republic, pride of the world map." There Ricardo Miró heard "the harmonious song of two oceans" and Roque Javier Laurenza felt

The sadness of coast lines,
Of fields and highways
Chained to the fate of the sea. . . .

Tropical in heritage, form, color, atmosphere, charms, and afflictions, Panamanian landscapes are painted in the works of our poets, who will help me draw a kind of lyrical map of the country.

Queen of Fishermen rides in colorful folk festival in Guararé, Los Santos Province



Fan palm is part of Panama's rich tropical flora

The corpulent and massive land blocks we call North and South America are divided by a great nautical heart or American Mediterranean that bears the sonorous names of Caribbean Sea, Sea of the Antilles, and Gulf of Mexico. And they are linked by two mighty bridges—one a series of islands, the other, an isthmus. The first arches gracefully through the Greater and Lesser Antilles. The other is a strip of terrestrial narrows zigzagging from southern Mexico to the muddy Atrato River in Colombia. This long coupling of land tapers in Panama into a recumbent, undulating, flexible letter "S," lying between 7° and 10° north latitude.

Across the Isthmus from north to south, from east to west passed many different peoples and cultures. Over its mountains and jungles trudged the white man, to gaze for the first time on the Pacific. At the outset of the sixteenth century it served as a port of entry and training ground for discoverers, conquistadors, explorers, and colonizers. It aroused the greed of merchants, pirates, and empires. And in its living flesh modern technical genius planted the Canal.

In remote ages a vast sea covered the area now occupied by Central America. Its bottom was a weak point in the earth's crust, and it met the customary fate of the weak. The restless and aggressive forces in Pluto's domain strained against it, and at the point where they succeeded in breaking through, volcanoes were formed, first beneath the water and then rising into the sunlight. Many islands appeared, which kept expanding until they met. By the time the Mesozoic period was well advanced, they had formed the bridge of land that stretches today from Costa Rica to Panama. Winds and waters began to gnaw at the smoldering land; nor did earthquakes respect its firmness. In this sculpturing process, the river held the most agile chisel. At the outset of the Tertiary period the Isthmus became lower and higher intermittently, and every time it lost elevation the ocean reached

into its lowlands and stayed for millions of years, depositing sedimentary strata that later emerged as plains and lowlands, crossed by the sculpturing rivers.

These dances and contradances were repeated a number of times, leaving their mark on the geographic skeleton of Panama. So the mountainous regions are direct descendants of the early volcanoes, and the plains and lowlands are legitimate sons of the invading sea.

The summit of spirited Chiriqui Volcano rises to about 11,480 feet. The Central Cordillera comes in from Costa Rica in whirlwinds of pretentious peaks and marches toward the east, gradually losing altitude. The highlands also include the Sierra Llorona (Weeping Sierra) of Portobelo, the San Blas Cordillera, and the ridges of Darién. To the south, where the Isthmus widens out like the stern of an old galley, there are miniature mountains, including the much-loved Mt. Canajagua.

Harsh things have been said about the climate of Panama, and the experts are still debating whether they are justified. Some think a tropical climate adversely affects growth and development, resistance to infection, fertility, physical and mental activity. But many optimists, including Dr. William C. Gorgas (who freed the Isthmus of malaria and yellow fever at the time the Canal was built), and the famed archeologist Herbert Spinden, have held that the highest forms of human activity can be carried on in a tropical climate, provided the body is assisted by an adequate diet and defended from tropical diseases. Some even believe that a warm tropical climate increases longevity.

The great Fray Bartolomé de las Casas, who lived for

many years and traveled countless miles in the tropical heat, recommended to the king of Spain in the early sixteenth century that work should cease in these regions between the suffocating hours of ten in the morning and five in the afternoon.

High temperatures, which vary little in the course of the year, are the rule in the lowlands; the annual mean temperature of Panama City is 78.7° F., and that of Colón is 80°. Nevertheless, there are definite differences between Panama's summers and winters. Soon after the beginning of January the rains cease, and cooling trade winds sweep across the Isthmus, lowering the humidity, chasing the clouds away, and bringing back the blue sky, justifying Ricardo Miró's claim that "the sky is clearer and the sun more brilliant" in Panama. The season that Panamanians insist on calling summer, although it is actually winter in the northern hemisphere, has begun. As Stella Sierra put it:

What blossoms of sun, of light, and of breezes
Summer brings in its green basket. . . .
What a stir of hurrying air. . . .



Kuna Indians of San Blas Territory discuss all community affairs at lively periodic assemblies



Interior has not kept pace with development of the capital and area near the Canal Zone, remaining quietly rural



Little by little the toasting countryside becomes drier, and yellowish patches appear where there are no forests to give shade. Mad February passes, with its blossoms of breezes and its carnival atmosphere, next the calm month of March, then April, bursting with heat and literally in flames, as this is the time when the farmer burns his fields to prepare them for planting. When April dies, the drought and the summer end, and suddenly the wet season, which is stubbornly called winter, begins. The rains and high humidity make the air oppressive. The mornings are usually clear, but the afternoon sky is filled with cumulus clouds, which gradually turn into the grim, low nimbus variety. Suddenly there is a clap of thunder and the deluge starts, usually lasting an hour and a half. Moisés Castillo wrote of

The ghosts of the hibernal
Gray clouds of the storm;
The wind that enters through the large windows
Of the old, semi-colonial houses. . . .



Early Panamanian lore includes accounts of tree-dwelling Indians. Their abode reputedly gave them a certain edge on the Spaniards

From September to December the rains become more prolonged and abundant; the humidity gets worse; the days are oppressive. But the picture is not entirely black. It has been said that night is the intermittent winter of tropical regions. Panama nights are usually delightfully cool, and in the dry season the sky glitters with constellations.

You who have dreamy eyes
Like a Panama night. . . .

wrote Stella Sierra. Laurenza, on the other hand, thought of those nights as tempting and exciting:

I will live again those nights of seaside fiestas
In the sonorous islands of the swarthy Caribbean,
Where the creole Aphrodite reveals her charms
Against a background of rumbas beat out on
gourds and maracas. . . .



City of Panama as seen from Ancón Hill in 1855, when railroad across Isthmus was completed

A change of climate can be found in the highlands of Boquete, famous for their coffee plantations, on the elevated meadows of Chiriquí Volcano, in the Antón Valley, and on the cool slopes of Campana and Azul Hills, both near the capital.

In the perennial heat and abundant rains exuberant forests flourish. The splendid Panamanian jungles were described as "solemn and mysterious, exuding melancholy" by Lucien Napoléon Bonaparte Wyse, the persevering French explorer who looked so long and hard for the

best canal route, and as a fearsome sight by Lionel Wafer after he traversed them in the seventeenth century. You have to walk for at least a little way beneath their green arches to fully comprehend their power and sense their tremendous hostility toward man. Only the Indians camp within their boundaries, penetrate their rivers, and dare, with back-breaking labor, to make a clearing for a fragile cultivated field that cannot long hold out against the forest.

Giant trees preside over the imposing scene: the colossal and extremely hard *lignum vitae*, with its lovely, yellow blossoms, the huge *espavé*, the giant fig, the pot-bellied cuipo, the mahogany, the magnificent Panama tree, the ashy-gray nazareno, and all the other grand seigniors of the vegetable kingdom. Clustered at their feet are modest shrubs, palm trees, and ferns, and below these is a smooth carpet of grasses. These various levels—the social classes of the plant world—are woven together by epiphytes, lianas, rattans, and vines, forming an impenetrable tangle in which all living things struggle for a ray of sunshine. Add to this the wet and often muddy soil and a varied and noisy animal world, where buzzing, malaria-bearing mosquitoes meander from place to place; snakes of every form and color carry death in their infinitesimal fangs; monkeys screech; and vociferous birds fly overhead. Armando Reclus says that when he was following a surveying crew through the tropical forests of Darién there was one day when the Negro machete-wielders were able to open only a half-mile stretch, and even that required a hard struggle. The jungle covers the whole Caribbean coastline, climbs the mountains, and descends the slopes that face the Pacific; it dominates all of indomitable Darién province.

But the forests don't reach everywhere. On the rolling lowlands near the Pacific Coast, which are protected from the humid Caribbean winds by the Central Cordillera, we find grass-covered plains.

The plain escapes in the distance
In the sleepy, powdery blue light. . . .

wrote José A. Campos. The picture was completed by Moisés Castillo:

I love to see the fields
When April is approaching.
The savannas dress themselves
In exquisite greenery
And the springs bubble up
With their ting-a-ling-a-ling
And the cattle romp about,
Vigorous and happy. . . .
A life that had ended
Seems to come back. . . .

There are open pastures and fields where groups of beautiful trees—bushy, intensely green mangoes, parasol-shaped lyrical palm groves—alternate with grasses. Double strips of forest form living corridors along the river banks, where the soil is more moist, so that you can always anticipate the rivers from a long way off. And where long droughts have occurred, woody thickets proclaim their terrible thirst.

The savanna is the refuge of the Panamanian tropics, where the farmer ekes out an existence and where the

(Continued on page 41)



Globe-trotting violinist Ricardo Odnoposoff

James Lyons

IT HAS BEEN something under four decades since a Buenos Aires furniture dealer and amateur fiddler fathered an infant who was to parlay a congenital aptitude for the violin into a career without parallel in the annals of South American music. The child was Ricardo Odnoposoff, now violinist extraordinary and his native land's cultural ambassador at large.

The first portent was noted when Ricardo was barely two years old. It was a summer's day in 1916. Mrs. Odnoposoff was busy with the household chores, but not too busy to observe that her son took a particular delight in the rhythmic cacophony of a passing military band. An hour later she was frightened to discover that he did not respond to her call. Frantically she combed the neighborhood. Where could he have gone?

Perhaps you have guessed the answer. The little tot had been so excited by the parading musicians that he simply could not resist trailing in their wake, all the way downtown. The Odnoposoffs found their unashamed progeny at police headquarters, blithely ignorant of the domestic crisis he had precipitated.

When Ricardo was four his father presented him with a toy tin fiddle, fully expecting the usual amenities of childish gratitude. The poor man was in for a jolt. His son registered not thanks but righteous indignation; this was not a kindness but an affront. Ricardo made it quite clear that he wanted no scratchy imitation but the real article, and no two ways about it. Contritely—actually with well concealed happiness and high hopes—Odnoposoff, Sr. shortly brought home a genuine quarter-

size violin, and he likes to say to this day that he has never seen a more ecstatic expression on any young face than the one he saw that afternoon so long ago.

Ricardo's first teacher made his living primarily by providing background music for silent films in local theaters. Provincial as he was, however, he seems to have been especially successful in eliciting the boy's natural talents. At the grand old age of five, Argentina's most famous virtuoso made his informal debut in short pants at the Guido Spano Conservatory, playing a trifle called *Danza de las Ninfas* by Jenkinson. The faculty was impressed, and so was Ricardo's father. If his sprite were this good, he reasoned, why not give him every opportunity to develop his gifts?

Fortunately, the elder Odnoposoff was comfortably situated, so there was no financial problem involved in soliciting the best available instruction. At six Ricardo began to study in earnest under Aaron Klasse, a pupil of Leopold Auer and one of the most esteemed pedagogues in the Hemisphere. Klasse was all for the youngster's going abroad at once, but according to Argentine law no child could leave the country before finishing grammar school. Ricardo had to stay there until he was twelve, and that was that.

But those six years were not wasted. Despite his self-effacement, Klasse proved an excellent teacher, and the solid classical foundation underlying Odnoposoff's art was laid mainly in this period. Moreover, Buenos Aires then as now was one of the world's foremost musical centers, and it was no mean achievement for a boy to pack the city's recital halls annually while he pursued his mundane classroom regimen to the letter. Besides, as the violinist now strongly believes, it is not healthy to isolate a person so early from the world of reality. Those unending hours with Klasse were a worthwhile investment, even if they forestalled the prodigy's career somewhat.

There would be more forestalling in the next chapter, which covers the five years Odnoposoff spent in Germany. But again it was worthwhile, because it gave him an unusual opportunity to round out his education and grow to emotional maturity before plunging into the deep and fast-running waters of the concert business.

Shortly after Ricardo's twelfth birthday, the fledgling artist and his doting father embarked for Europe. Their plan was to settle in Berlin and await the return of Carl Flesch from the United States, where he had been teaching at Philadelphia's Curtis Institute. When it turned out that Flesch would not be back as soon as expected, it seemed impractical to fritter away the interim. Accordingly, Ricardo's several protectors inquired around, and in due course he was accepted for further study under Rudolf Deman, concertmaster of the *Unter den Linden* Opera and husband of the revered Frieda Leider.

For the next year or so the burgeoning genius turned up dutifully at Deman's door, but this exceptionally able mentor was only too glad to give up his student when the time came because there was simply no teaching him anything he did not already know. There were other areas of knowledge, however, in which Ricardo fell



Odnoposoff was a boy prodigy. At four, he received his first violin; at five, made informal debut; at six, began to study under experts. By twelve, he was in Europe to make music his career

down. In a supreme but unavailing effort to master the executive intricacies of a bicycle he fell down several times, literally. In fact the day came when he sailed right through a window. Luckily, his hands were not injured.

On Flesch's return Ricardo was enrolled in the *Hochschule für Musik*, which had such eminences as Paul Hindemith and Curt Sachs on the faculty. The curriculum would extend over four years, so it seemed reasonable to import the remaining members of the family. In a few months the lot of them were established in an apartment on the Regensburgerstrasse. Since nobody but Ricardo and his father spoke any German, Berlin neighbors must have found the Odnoposoffs a peculiar crew. But somehow they managed to adjust from *mañana* to *Mittel Europa* with relative ease, and before long the other children were studying music, too. Ricardo's sister Nelida still is an accomplished pianist although she no longer appears professionally; his brother Adolfo is now first 'cellist of the Havana Philharmonic.

It was during his *Hochschule* servitude that Ricardo's fame began to mount. Erich Kleiber, who had heard him some years before in Argentina, took the unprecedented step of inviting him, at the age of seventeen, to play with the Berlin State Opera Orchestra. Needless to say, the impetuous youth accepted the challenge, and meas-



In U.S.A., successful artist Odnoposoff hops from concert to concert in a Lincoln Capri with his wife Hilde, the former Baroness Von Ostfeldn

ured up to it fully. For his vehicle he chose the Joachim *Concerto, Opus 11*, a favorite in those days but not so popular any more for reasons that are not hard to find—its immense difficulty, for one.

Commencement day finally came in the spring of 1932, and one would suppose that an honor graduate might have taken a little while off to rest on his laurels. But not Ricardo Odnoposoff. The *Wettbewerb* was coming up in a couple of months, and aspiring violinists from all over the globe were due in Vienna for this traditionally important competition. Odnoposoff went right on practicing, and carried off the first prize. Judges Clemens Krauss, Jenö Hubay, and Georges Enesco—the elite of the musical fraternity—deemed him head and shoulders above 264 other contenders. Now, certainly, Odnoposoff's



At Pan American Union recital, Odnoposoff grips violin with chin. Result: instrument seems to float in mid-air

career was secure. Yet he had not even started.

It would be exhausting to enumerate the places he has played in and the orchestras he has played with and the conductors he has played under in the past two decades. There seem to be few he has missed. In the very first year of his professional barnstorming he jumped from Germany to Austria to Poland to Spain to half of the major cities in South America. The next season it was the same story, and the next.

We should pause parenthetically at 1934, for that was the year of his first chance meeting with the young noblewoman who became his wife. It all happened at Bad Ischl, an idyllic retreat at which Ricardo was stopping briefly in mid-tour for a much needed rest. Leaving a party one rainy night, he found a pretty girl standing on the threshold, trying to figure out how to get back to her hotel without getting soaked. Ricardo suggested that she take his trench coat. When she hesitated, he

insisted. He would come around the next day, he said, to pick it up. She gave him her address and identified herself as "Fräulein Hilde." Ricardo watched her as she left and then trudged his own wet way with a song on his lips. At the appointed hour, nattily attired in a new suit, he turned up at the door of the young lady, only to have the object of his grandiose gesture introduced to him as the Baroness Von Ostfeldn. Two years later, at Budapest, they were married.

Ricardo's career was now in full sway. In 1937 it was again pleasantly interrupted. At the first *Concours Internationale Ysaÿe* in Brussels he was awarded the coveted State Prize. As a result he had to juggle his itinerary to accommodate the most ambitious recital and concert tour ever scheduled in Belgium by any violinist—a total of twenty-five appearances in almost as many days. As a further result, he and his bride grew so fond of that country that they decided to move there from Vienna. A few weeks later they had set up housekeeping on the lovely Avenue Louise in Brussels.

That same season the violinist suffered the most embarrassing experience of his professional life. He had been engaged to play the Brahms *Concerto* with the Paris Conservatory Orchestra on a certain Sunday evening. The morning before, he flew in for what he presumed would be a run-through rehearsal. Sure that the hour he had been given was incorrect (who ever heard of a symphony orchestra's playing at nine A.M.?) and even more sure that the *Concerto* would be rehearsed as usual *after* the purely orchestral works, he took his own good time about getting to the auditorium. To make a long story short, the rehearsal was in fact set for nine. Furthermore, the *Concerto* was to be first on the list. Moreover, the house was absolutely jam-packed with cash customers determined to get what they paid for. To our hero's surprise, this was a public rehearsal, tantamount to a regular concert except that prices were somewhat scaled down. No sooner had Odnoposoff arrived at the stage door than he was whisked to the podium left, and the performance began. His punch line is ironic under the circumstances: "You know, that was one of the very best Brahmses I ever did."

Not all of Odnoposoff's notable appearances have been with orchestras, although he is particularly proud of his collaboration with Felix Weingartner, Wilhelm Furtwängler, and Arturo Toscanini over the years. Back in 1935, for instance, there was a legendary Mozart Sonata recital in Vienna in which the violinist shared the stage with none less than Bruno Walter. On the other hand, there have been literally hundreds of times when he was lucky to have any accompaniment at all. This has been especially true in the remote areas of South America, where there was often no piano in town.

The prophet nearly missed out on his triumphal homecoming, by the way. It was only with seconds to spare that, at Genoa on March 4, 1940, the Odnoposoffs clambered aboard the *S.S. Principessa Maria*, the last Italian boat to hoist anchor westward for the better part of a decade.

(Continued on page 39)

Wizards

junior grade

*Budding scientist in Washington, D.C.,
junior high school science club grows
bacteria in test tubes*



Lillian L. de Tagle

A CHILD WHO TAKES HIS TOYS APART is not necessarily obeying a destructive instinct; often he is simply showing a healthy curiosity about how they work. If this natural scientific bent is not encouraged, by the time he is old enough to take physics, chemistry, and botany in school he is convinced that these subjects are the exclusive domain of a gifted few. To make students fully realize the practical value of science, U.S. teachers have tried more and more in recent years to stimulate a spirit of scientific adventure by encouraging individual research and invention. Their efforts have been backed up by many local scientific groups as well as by the Office of Education, the National Science Teachers Association, and the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Strong support also comes from Science Service, a private, non-profit organization in Washington, and the Westinghouse Corporation, which co-sponsor the annual Science Talent Search. This contest, designed to alleviate the critical shortage of scientists by discovering high-

school seniors with outstanding scientific ability and fostering their education, is financed by the Westinghouse Educational Foundation and administered by Science Service through a network of local science clubs. (Besides fourteen thousand clubs throughout the United States, there are now thirty-six in ten Latin American countries. Science Service furnishes free on request a Science Club Sponsor Handbook to adults interested in founding one in their community.)

Two hundred and sixty certificates of honorable mention are awarded in these competitions, and forty finalists are given all-expense trips to the Science Talent Institute held every year in Washington, D.C., plus a chance to share eleven thousand dollars in scholarships. Awarded by a board of judges, these consist of one for \$2,800, another for \$2,000, eight for \$400 each, and thirty additional awards totaling \$3,000. The winners are free to spend the money on tuition, clothes, or books, according to their needs, while continuing their scientific studies. All high school seniors are eligible, regardless of race

or nationality. Incidental advantages of the Institutes are the opportunity they afford to visit the research centers of the nation's capital, meet its leading scientists, and get acquainted with young people of similar interests from all parts of the country.

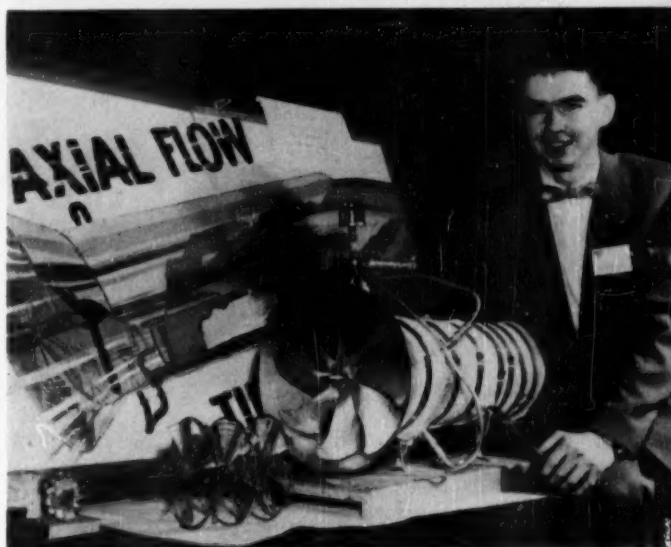
Typical of the forty finalists who came to Washington last February is eighteen-year-old Harry Cassidy of Painted Post, New York. In the lab of the Painted Post High School he built a jet engine out of stovepipe, bicycle hubs, tin cans, and other things he found around the house. The two-stage turbine at the rear of the engine boasts blades Harry made from stainless steel after his first turbine, made of tin blades, all but disintegrated in the hot flames. When told that the ball bearings in the hubs of bicycle wheels would not withstand the heat, he developed a water cooling system to protect them and used them anyway. The engine, which runs on natural gas or bottled propane, was awarded the Regional Grand Prize in Physics at the New York State Science Fair in Cortland, New York, last April, and Fourth State Prize in the New York State Science Congress last May. In his spare time during his senior year, besides building the engine, Harry was active in sports, had a part in the Christmas play, worked on the school paper, sang in the glee club, became an Eagle Scout, belonged to the local science club, and earned money delivering papers.

Last spring Washington saw another display of youthful talent at the seventh annual Science Fair, a project of the Washington Junior Academy of Sciences, which was held in the gymnasium of American University. Science Service did a bang-up job of publicizing the aims and rules of the competition among the teachers and students of the area's public and private junior and senior high schools.

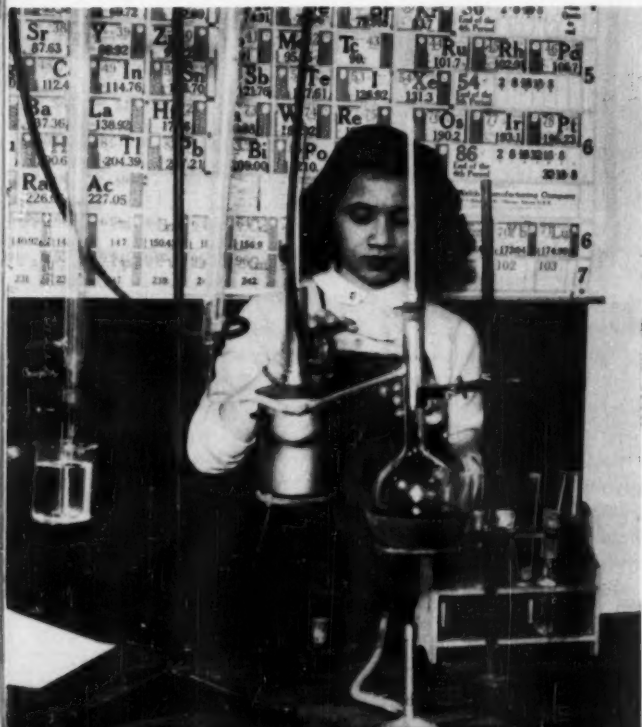
Similar fairs are held annually in various parts of

the country under the joint sponsorship of Science Service and cooperating newspapers, and the finalists are sent to the National Science Fair, which took place this year at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. The four Washington winners, whose expenses were paid by the *Washington Daily News*, joined seventy-one successful contestants from twenty-nine other fairs at the world-famous center of atomic energy research.

Teachers, students, scientists, and the general public attend these exhibitions with great interest, never knowing quite what to expect. This year, for example, a boy discovered in Rock Creek Park, in the very heart of the capital, a type of rock that had not been classified, which won him a special commendation from the Smithsonian Institution. A youngster of fifteen invented a new type of



Harry J. Cassidy, Jr. of Painted Post, N.Y., won awards for his axial flow turbojet engine made of odds and ends



Merle Mitchell, 15, of Norfolk, Va., won trip to Science Talent Search finals with her chemical project, "A Mass Analysis of Crude Oil"

vacuum-tube tester that may be produced commercially, in which case he will get a 10 per cent royalty on all sales, and another boy perfected a mono-brush motor that is already on its way to the assembly line.

When the fair was announced, I went immediately to the American University gymnasium. I climbed the steps and entered an astonishing world that filled me with a disquieting feeling of inferiority.

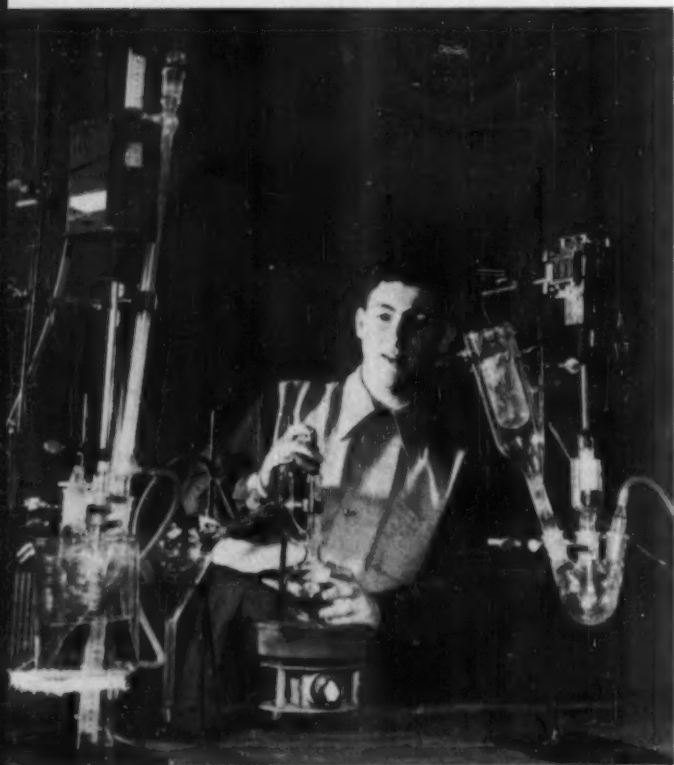
Twelve hundred and fifty students had responded to the call of the Junior Academy, presenting over nine hundred exhibits that had taken anywhere from a few hours to several years to assemble. Some of the youngsters had carried out their experiments *aléne*, others had worked in groups. There were sections devoted to botany, zoology, chemistry, physics, electronics, mathematics, health, physiographical sciences, engineering, and conservation. The exhibits on zoology, physics, and the physiographical sciences carried off the most laurels.

On the first floor I saw all kinds of natural phenomena

illustrated with fantastic ingenuity. Particularly impressive were the miniature volcanoes, each rigged with a rubber bulb, which, when squeezed, caused a realistic eruption of lava and rocks. The formation of clouds and the causes of precipitation were portrayed in a number of exhibits, ranging from a ladder with rungs representing the different stages of condensation to a display in cotton and plaster entitled "The Romance of a Cloud." The exhibit of fourteen-year-old Peter Miller, a student at the Hyattsville Junior High School, explained a method of seeding clouds to produce rain. The solar system was represented with light bulbs, colored balls of papier-



Movie star Jimmy Stewart congratulates Karen Spangehl, 16, who reached finals with apparatus for separating blood fractions



mâché, and even contrivances built along the lines of the Calder mobiles.

I noticed a profound preoccupation with problems related to interplanetary travel, and saw fascinating models of space ships fitted out with everything necessary for their crews to reach another planet and survive once they got there. Fourteen-year-old Patricia Argerake of Takoma Park Junior High, who built a space-ship model called *Palatolo I*, confided that she wants to be the first woman to journey into outer space.

"But do you think it is possible to reach other planets?" I asked. At this remark the youngsters who were standing nearby exchanged looks that were so full of pity, so condescending in the face of my blind skepticism, that for an instant I sensed a deep chasm between the generations and felt myself on the verge of senility. How could I have betrayed my abysmal ignorance with such an idiotic question?

"Who doubts it?" a smooth-faced youth with a changing voice finally deigned to reply. "All that's missing is the necessary capital to back the venture."

"In another fifty years it will be an accomplished fact," another starry-eyed adolescent assured me.

I escaped with what little dignity I had left and went to the corner where two of the exhibits that won their owners trips to Oak Ridge were located. They consisted of a telescope put together by William J. McNally, who is fifteen, and an astro-camera constructed by sixteen-year-old Philip Robert Lichtman. Both students at Woodrow Wilson High School, the boys helped each other out on the projects.

"Who gave you the idea of making a telescope?" I asked William.

"No one. The Academy of Sciences helped me gain access to the astronomical observatory at Georgetown University. I studied the instruments there and began to buy metal parts at Sears Roebuck. I spent two years building my telescope and then bought an astronomer's manual to see whether I had gone wrong anywhere. Luckily, I hadn't."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Sell it to help pay for my training as a mechanical engineer."

Next I looked over the clear photographs of the moon that Philip Lichtman had taken with the astro-camera that was three years in the making.

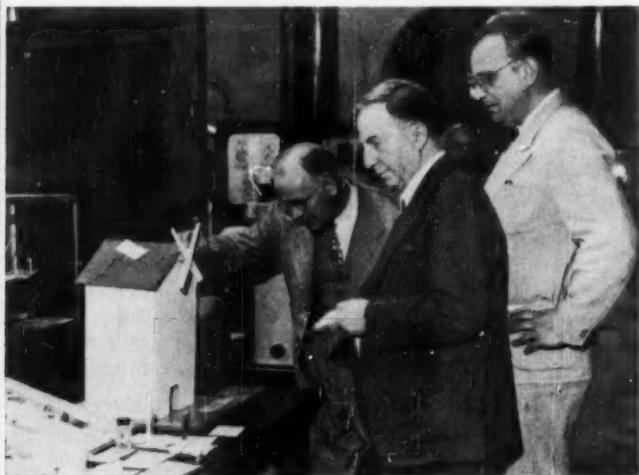
"My father's a doctor," he told me, "and interested in everything. He encouraged me to study astronomy. I'd like to make it my career, but shucks! There's not much money in it. I'll probably be an engineer."

This restored some of my lost confidence. These lads might know about equations, atmospheric compression, the effects of altitude on the human body, and the resistance of metals at supersonic speeds, but they were too young to know the feeling of frustration that comes to anyone who sacrifices a vocation for wealth. At the moment I felt my worldly experience was more than a match for their scientific knowledge. Just then a wide-eyed boy with tousled hair approached Philip and asked: "Are you a genius?"

Brooklyn's entry was fifteen-year-old Robert Rubinstein's report on experiments with complex silicon compounds



At National Science Fair in Oak Ridge, cadet John Rather, Jr., 15, won a top prize with his home projection planetarium, showing motions of stars, sun, moon, and planets



Judges inspecting exhibits at one of the many science fairs held annually across the country

Without waiting to hear the answer I headed for the second floor, where my ego suffered more crushing blows. I entered a room filled with all manner of electrical apparatus. Fourteen-year-old Willard Cronyn explained the functioning of an electric-eye device that opens the garage door automatically as the car approaches. Farther on I saw the same principle demonstrated, but in a curious and highly imaginative form. Edwin Ford and Lynn Liebschutz had fashioned what they called a small "electronic brain," which responded to stimuli from different electric currents. The "brain" was rigged up inside a miniature locomotive, which moved forward when it received the "pleasure" current and stopped on receiving the one labeled "pain." This novel presentation earned the boys a top award in their class. Both are

The youthful wizards relax like any other kids: Harry Cassidy, Jr. takes neighbor Margery Saunders out skating

fourteen. Lynn answered my questions vivaciously:

"The project was spread out over two months, but it only took about ten hours of actual work. We spent around forty dollars on the electro-magnetic equipment."

In this strange world of precocious wizards I was foolish enough to ask the old stand-by: "What are you going to be when you grow up?"

The youngsters exchanged that look of compassionate superiority that had so mortified me a few moments before and replied with glacial terseness: "Researchers."

The spell had been broken again and I left in a hurry. From that moment on I never recovered my aplomb. Just mentioning the titles of some of the exhibits will give an idea of what today's teenagers are concerned with: "The Effect of Krilium on the Nitrogen Content of Legume Nodules"; "Life Cycle of the Slime Mold"; "Plant Progress with a Synthetic Polyelectrolyte"; "Development of the Chick Embryo" (study by a twelve-year-old); "Meteorological Factors Affecting the Evening Appearance of Fireflies."

As I was departing precipitously with mixed feelings of amazement, admiration, and humiliation, I ran into Mr. Keith C. Johnson, chairman of the Science Fair Committee, and he was kind enough to answer some questions.

"The Academy of Sciences here helps gifted youngsters find opportunities to work in their spare time with eminent scientists in the best-equipped laboratories. This is an invaluable experience for them, for they not only learn a lot about their chosen subject but also make contacts in the field they will want to work in later on."

"Does the Academy help young people to get scholarships and permanent positions?"

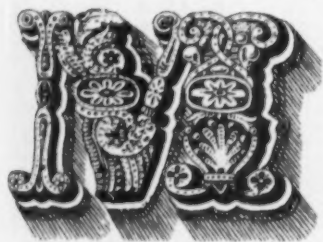
"We only make recommendations, but with the prestige the Academy enjoys, this is more than enough."

Just then an outburst of shouting and laughter attracted our attention. Two boys were rolling on the ground in a mock fist fight. The "genius" was sitting astride one of his competitors, pinning his arms down and boisterously celebrating his victory. ♦ ♦ ♦



A Brazilian journey

The sleeping beauties of



inas



erais

Paulo Rónai



FOR TOURISTS who like to travel through time as well as space, few trips could be so rewarding as the one I have just completed. Here is the itinerary for a perfect two-dimensional excursion: leave Rio de Janeiro, a big city stirred by feverish progress; spend a few days in Belo Horizonte, the sensible, well-balanced capital of Minas Gerais State; plunge into the very core of Brazilian history by staying a while in Ouro Preto, the former provincial capital where a group of patriots staged the abortive Inconfidência movement to free Brazil from Portugal at the end of the eighteenth century; visit other museum towns in the mining region—Mariana, Sabará, Congonhas, São João d'El-Rei; I unfortunately did not have time for the last two.

Originally I had planned to spend just one day in Belo Horizonte. Impossible! I had never been there before, and the city attracted me for its trimness, the circumspect and benign cordiality of its people, the coolness of its climate. Though I have always favored ancient cities, I immediately felt at home in this young one that maintains an orderly rhythm of life, breathing leisurely because it has not outgrown a reasonable, healthy size. Everything in it looks tailor-made to man's measurements and for his comfort. Squares are really squares, and not simply clearings rescued by chance from being submerged in the tide of buildings. Streets are indeed streets, meant for strolling and talking, and not simply channels for draining traffic. And there is a lot of shade, honest-to-goodness tree shade, in almost all the streets and especially under the leafy, geometrically-trimmed boughs of the Avenida Affonso Penna. How different from the African reverberation of Rio's streets, where you walk under the constant threat of a heat-stroke!

During my few days there, Belo Horizonte showed me how seriously it takes its role as a state capital. There had been a drought and, along with a considerable rise in temperature, there was a water shortage. While in Rio this shortage would be considered by the authorities as no more than a routine daily occurrence, in Belo Horizonte it was treated as a public calamity in the solution of which everyone was obligated to cooperate. The fire trucks drove around all day pumping water to the homes needing it most; twice a day with absolute regularity they even brought some to my hotel. Meanwhile everyone discussed the origin of a sudden sprinkle here and there, for rain-maker Janot Pacheco was trying to end

Luis Jardim drawing from Manuel Bandeira's Ouro Preto guidebook



the drought. Even I found myself beginning to distinguish between "Janot's rains" and those downpours that are normally sent by Providence.

As I roamed the pleasant streets of Belo Horizonte, my conscience started nudging me toward the old cities. Sabará, Ouro Preto, Mariana beckoned to me.

From my European past, I had brought with me to Brazil the habit of traveling with guidebook in hand. A good Baedeker can spare one many a wrong turn and offer priceless suggestions. Unfortunately, there are no satisfactory booklets of that sort on Brazilian cities.



Luís Jardim version of the two-story houses on Glória Street

However, some tour guides prepared by reputable writers provide veritable poetic companions for sentimental voyagers.

I was lucky enough to have found one of these in a Belo Horizonte bookstore—*Passeio a Sabará* (A Trip to Sabará), by Lúcia Machado de Almeida, with magnificent illustrations by Guignard. This ought to be compulsory reading for anyone planning to visit Sabará, for it is a delightful work, to be read at one sitting as you would a fairy tale—and it has the same charm. Actually there ought to be a committee placed at the entrance to the city, in the Rio das Velhas Valley, to test tourists on their familiarity with this book. "Who was Father Correia?" "Why is the Negroes' Church of Our Lady of the Rosary still unfinished?" "What is the magic behind the Caquende water fountain?" "How do you explain that mysterious vowel in the name of the Church of

Our Lady of the 'O', one of the strangest monuments in the religious architecture of Brazil?" The booklet tells all this and more, and thanks to its tone, which imparts much more than mere historic and archeological data, firmly imprints itself on your memory; it seems to be talking to a friend about the past, telling him family secrets. All these confidences turn out to be accurate. Lúcia Machado de Almeida writes that the old caretaker of Our Lady of Carmel Church is wont to spin yarns of weird apparitions; sure enough, as we looked for the key to the church, we found the little old woman still shuddering from some eerie sight and muttering the history of her church in a savory jumble of historical data, plain hearsay, and some of her own dreams.

We left the railroad station and started up Sabará's only street; every steep hundred yards set us back farther into the dead past. We walked into the parish church—rough-hewn on the outside, Minas fashion, and sumptuous on the inside, in the style of Bahia. In the temple a group of devout women were reciting a litany, the only sound in the still morning; half an hour later we returned to find the same group and the same litany. Had we gone back the next day, they would have been there again, engaged in the same chant.

When we left them in the cool shade of the church, we returned to the main street. It is not the *only* thoroughfare; there are others—alleys, narrow passageways, steep inclines, all playing hide-and-seek behind the houses. That little narrow street burrowed with holes did not look inviting in the least. But it led to the Church of Our Lady of the 'O', protector of women in labor, a bizarre, asymmetrical building smack in the middle of a little square lost in overgrown grass, deep in slumber. Just as the guidebook had prophesied, our presence attracted a flock of children, who followed us into the church. Although we'd been forewarned, we were astonished to find murals with Chinese motifs: pagodas, mandarins, elephants painted in bright lacquer hues.

Another no less winding pathway led us to the famous Gold Museum, set up in the old Town Hall by the National Service for the Preservation of Historic and Artistic Treasures and managed by Joaquim Antônio de Almeida. This is no row of dusty old rooms with dead pieces in glass cases; alive and throbbing, it looks and feels like a lived-in house.

I would be hard put to it to say what struck me as the most curious item: the big room with ingenious paintings on the ceiling that represent the four continents known at the time; the old watercolor through which an unknown artist portrayed the mining life, with hundreds of figures; the patio with its grinding mill; the rooms furnished in an old-fashioned style, among them a shrine and a touching "spinster's room," reconstructed as faithfully as possible; or the exhibit rooms on the ground floor, with samples of objects related to gold mining: mortars and pestles, chests, earthen sifting pans, and even bars of artificial gold that are excellent imitations considering the rudimentary tools used. There were also illustrative models, showing the ruthless mining



Some people in Ouro Preto would like to raze these old houses on Tiradentes Square to make way for skyscrapers and helicopters



Typical home in Ouro Preto, once the Minas capital, now a national monument virtually untouched by modern civilization

methods and explaining why so many Minas landscapes are desolate, why so many hills are bare or covered at best with loose, sparse pasture, irrevocably devastated by man-made erosion.

It would have been nice to wander more along those little alleys, to come upon secrets of Sabará's present-day life after that quick but penetrating glimpse into the old Vila Real (Royal Village). But we had no time. We determined to linger longer at Ouro Preto, and to try to probe the mystery of life in a dead town.

Happily, I was also guided by a friendly book in my pilgrimage through Ouro Preto's streets—Manuel Bandeira's *Guia de Ouro Preto*, which communicated deep tenderness, barely hidden by an intentionally dry objectivity. Since I did not have the Brazilian edition of this beautiful and useful book, I took with me the French version, edited by Carlos Drummond de Andrade, translated by Michel Simon and, like the original, illustrated by Luís Jardim. Thus as I wandered around the winding old streets I felt the constant presence of four friends guiding me. "Take a good look at the Casa dos Contos," Manuel Bandeira would prompt me. "Don't leave the Church of Our Lady of Pilar until you've seen Aleijadinho's St. George," suggested Drummond. Luís Jardim's pen-point drawings fondly oriented my gaze toward picturesque spots. Michel Simon stood with me on cor-

ners, vainly trying to disguise his emotion with sardonic French asides.

According to Manuel Bandeira, Ouro Preto has not always worn its aura of a relic city. Travelers in the early nineteenth century went right through it without even noticing, or perhaps remarking only on its decadence. After all, Ouro Preto's streets and houses were just like those of so many other little places, even of Rio de Janeiro itself, for in Rio's old Santa Teresa district you can still see some streets undeniably akin to those of the ancient Minas capital. When progress took hold of the rest of Brazil, old houses were torn down or remodeled. But Ouro Preto was saved, thanks to its forbidding location, its isolation, the poverty of its devastated surroundings, its steep streets. And there it is now, its austere features forever kept intact by the Historic and Artistic Treasures Service, which watches over its sleeping-beauty slumber.

This slumber arouses contradictory reactions. By dint of talking to different people we found that part of the population feels a feverish urge to wake up, to become a progressive town, enlarge the motion-picture house, build hospitals, set up a helicopter station in the Praça Tiradentes, widen the streets, tear down the old houses, perhaps even build skyscrapers. I also heard a lady from Rio, a rich and elegant lady, who, having arrived after an eighteen-hour journey, hired a taxi, drove over the whole city in two hours, and decided to go home immediately, despite the tiresome return trip. Goodness, that town was awful, all it had was old houses falling apart! On the other hand, I heard a notary public from São Paulo State, well informed on history and exuding data through his pores, advise the grocer on Ouvidor Street never to stray from that historic site but to remain there listening faithfully to what those stones had to tell of staggering events of the past.

Meanwhile, the twenty-odd churches, the innumerable *passos* (Stations of the Cross), chapels, and fountains, the mansions and the little houses that look so much alike, sleep on. Silence and splendid unity of style prevail. Everywhere one is detained by the memory of gold long since gone, slavery in the mines, conspiring patriots. But nowhere is the visitor more deeply oppressed by the weight of history than at the Inconfidência Museum, within the massive walls of the old prison. In the Pantheon of the Inconfidentes (I have never seen a more imposing mausoleum, so very simple and unadorned), there is a slab without an epitaph: could it really have been meant for Marília, the poet Tomaz Antônio Gonzaga's girl friend, whose ashes—after much discussion—were left to rest in a less historic site? In the room devoted to Tiradentes, the Martyr, what impresses one most is not the piece of gallows, but the page of court record in which, with a refinement of cruelty, Joaquim José da Silva Xavier was condemned to die on the gallows "a natural death (*sic!*)."

Because I went everywhere in Ouro Preto, I find it difficult to unravel impressions, to evoke a church ornament or the façade of a house. What is engraved in my memory is a recollection of marvelous unity, a perfect

merging of architecture and environment. At a single glance colonial Brazil, known to us through descriptions and pictures, comes suddenly alive, not as if resurrected by legerdemain, but through pious and wise restoration guided by affection and good taste.

I stayed for a few days in the old Baroness House among antique furniture and oratories, in constant fear of disturbing the sleeping ghosts, even though my friend João, the janitor, had averred that there were none. They probably dwelt between the singed walls of the Town Hall near by, which had recently been destroyed by fire. The latter, I know from absolutely reliable sources, was ignited when two happily married saints, St. Bonna and St. Lucius, were forcibly separated in the Church of St. Francis of Assisi.

Had I been able to roam for a few more days among those ancient mansions—so fine in the simplicity of their whitewashed wood façades, so sturdy despite the modest materials they were made of—I might have solved some of the mysteries that not even Rodrigo Melo Franco de Andrade, the director of the Historic and Artistic Treasures Service, has been able to unravel. All I would have had to do would have been to sit on an old doorstep while my wife made sketches beside me and my father-in-law took photographs: secrets presented themselves on the tongues of urchins playing in the streets or of willing neighbors. Do you know how an old two-story house on the Rua Antônio de Albuquerque disappeared? The Service had done its best to purchase it, and had offered a good price; but the widow who owned it heard that a

certain painter had been paid twice as much for his portrayal of the home. If a mere image was worth that much, then the house itself, with walls, windows, even some roofing left, must surely be worth a fantastic amount! So the transaction was never completed, and the building disintegrated slowly, turned into crumbs, and finally vanished altogether.

Had I stayed a few more days in Ouro Preto, I might have found out why so many churches have an altar devoted to, or a picture of, Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, whose loaves of bread, according to legend, were changed into roses. I might have discovered further why the words coming out of the mouth of one of the saints in the Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel are written backwards, as if reflected in a mirror; I might even have deciphered the baroque Latin printed on the Contos fountain.

But Ouro Preto is not solely a citadel of ghosts. Paradoxically, it is also a young city, for many students live there, and after a few days' stay you realize how much young blood flows through those worn-out arteries. Wherever you wander on those ancient streets you hear youthful voices mingling with the murmur of mountain streams.

But the verb "wander" does not faithfully convey what it means to negotiate those steep roads without stair or handrail. By the time you reach the top of each hill, you are gasping for breath; then you sit down on some rock and gaze wonderingly at the ponderous gait of a team of little donkeys, the only pace possible on such inhuman pavements. Here and there, to be sure, a taxi takes a chance and challenges the steepest inclines; but its acrobatics are not only dangerous—they are highly anachronistic and unworthy of a legitimate tourist.

During these weary ascents, I saw the city's up-to-dateness. Of the "temples of knowledge"—as they are called in rather florid language by Dr. Eponina Dias' *Guia de Ouro Preto*—I was unable to visit the School of Pharmacy, but thanks to the kind guidance provided by Prof. Washington Moraes de Andrade, I did see the old School of Mines—without a doubt one of the best organized schools in Brazil—a regular labyrinth of classrooms and offices in the old Governors' Palace. One of my most curious experiences was a long visit to the Mineralogy Department, which has an extraordinarily varied assortment of mineral exhibits meticulously classified, yet reminiscent of fabulous treasures out of the Arabian Nights. In a long row of rooms, all extremely well equipped, each window provides a different view, the profiles of hills and houses standing out in the pure mountain air with the clearcut sharpness of old engravings. The whole atmosphere seems conducive to study and apparently is, judging by the teachers' fondness for their work. For the most part, they are alumni themselves or sons of alumni. There are also caretakers whose fathers were caretakers; students whose fathers and grandfathers were students. In this family atmosphere—which recalled to me tender memories of old European colleges—the most modern teaching methods are used,

(Continued on page 44)



St. Francis of Assisi Church in Ouro Preto, with doorway and interior carvings by sculptor Aleijadinho ("The Little Cripple")

At home in the U.S.A.

Latin Americans bring a wealth of talent north

Critics have ranked Cuban ballerina Alicia Alonso among the three finest in the world today. Born in Havana some thirty years ago, she has won her fame against obstacles that would have overwhelmed a lesser person. A dancer from childhood, she found her career threatened early in its course by incipient blindness that was cured only after a series of delicate operations and intense discomfort (see July 1952 AMERICAS). Restored to health, she has gone on to triumphs in the ballet capitals of the world. Her performance of *Giselle* is considered one of the great interpretations of all time. Miss Alonso's permanent home is Havana, where she has formed the *Academia Nacional de Ballet Alicia Alonso* to promote the dance. She holds Cuba's highest civilian citation, the Carlos Manuel de Céspedes medal, is prima ballerina of New York's Ballet Theater, and is now on a tour of Europe.



Antonio Frasconi, woodcut engraver from Uruguay, started out as a painter, had his first one-man show at the Circulo de Bellas Artes in Montevideo when he was twenty. Born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, in 1919, Mr. Frasconi was taken as a child to Uruguay, where he became a citizen. In 1945, he was awarded a scholarship to the Art Students League in New York, later receiving another to the New School for Social Research, where he concentrated on the technique of the woodcut. Today his name is associated with a graphic and plastic style that far exceeds the limitations of his medium. During his residence in the United States, he has become very well known and has had one-man shows in Brooklyn, Santa Barbara, Pasadena, Philadelphia, New York City, and at the Pan American Union. At present, thirty-four Frasconi woodcuts are on a year-long tour of U.S. museums. The artist has just been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship.



Movie actor Fernando Lamas of Argentina, today a Hollywood favorite, got his start when he won a South American swimming title in 1937. The resulting publicity helped him obtain a radio contract in Buenos Aires. Radio made his name, but the movies, notably *Lady Windermere's Fan*, in which he appeared with Dolores Del Río, made him a star. Following the death of his parents in Buenos Aires when he was only four years old, he was brought up by his aunt and paternal grandmother. In college, he studied law and became intercollegiate boxing champion. After making some nineteen motion pictures in South America, he went to Hollywood about three years ago. There he has appeared in nine films, latest of which is *Rose Marie*. Mr. Lamas likes to travel, has been around the world twice. In his spare time he swims, plays golf, and rides horseback.



Salvadorean painter Mauricio Aguilar was born in the tiny Central American republic's capital, San Salvador, in 1919. Son of a rich family that had made a fortune in coffee, he moved at an early age to France, where he received his education. At fifteen, he started to paint in Paris under the guidance of the late Christian Berard—to the despair of his parents, who wanted him to be a businessman. Today he is principally known for the mysterious quality of his still lifes, mostly of fishes and bottles. Indeed, there is even an air of mystery about Mr. Aguilar himself. He presently shuttles between New York and San Salvador. At home, he lives alone in a wing of his family's vast house, painting steadily from six in the morning until ten at night. In New York, he rents an obscure loft near the west side docks. His paintings are bought by celebrities, and he has a show at the Pan American Union scheduled for fall.



José Durand

WITH THE ESTABLISHMENT of the colonial system in America, important courts were set up in Mexico City and Lima, where the viceroys, the members of the *Audiencia*, their families, and their retinue followed the usage and manners of the Spanish Court and served as a model for the aristocracy of the Indies. It was much the same in cities where there were governors or captains general. But by the time the viceroys arrived to introduce their lordly style of living, America already possessed another way of life—no less lordly and perhaps even more so—imposed by the conquistadors. Habits of such luxury and extravagance had taken root that the alarmed viceroys did all they could to repress them. So the *criollos* (native Americans of Spanish blood) were doubly influenced—by the tradition of their parents and by the Spanish fashions of the viceroys.

Thus it was natural that the first *criollos* should be distinguished by their courtly behavior. Refinement was reckoned among their highest aspirations—manifested not only in their manners but in a certain exquisite cultivation of the mind. Hence the abundance of academies, writers' societies, learned men, and poets as early as the second half of the sixteenth century. Universities in Lima, Mexico, and Santo Domingo; academic robes, caps, and hoods; literary groups, high-flown poets, dramatists, followers of Ercilla who devoted themselves to epic poetry, early admirers of Lope de Vega and Góngora, Spanish émigré writers—all helped relieve the monotony of the placid, slow-moving life led by the small clusters of Spaniards (there were some three thousand in Mexico). But they also reflected a love of elegance. Fray Martín de Morúa tells proudly of the "flourishing university" and the "three secondary schools" in Lima. He applauds equally the nobly born and the learned: "There are many nobles, some of whom wear the habits of military orders. The university in all its departments," he adds on the next line, "is very well peopled with those who hold doctor's, master's, and other advanced degrees."

As Amado Alonso points out, fondness for poetry drew the most varied people into pleasant companionship. The result was that the plebeian Fernán González de Eslava could associate with the illustrious Francisco de Terrazas or Bishop Montúfar. To be sure, Eslava himself complained of the large number of poets in New Spain. In one of his *autos* he says: "You will earn little as a poet for they are as common as dirt." Later Bernardo de Balbuena wrote that there were more eminent writers and scholars in Mexico "than grains of sand in the waters of the Ganges." Rosas de Oquendo described the situation there even more caustically than Eslava:

*Munchos doctores de borla
munchos letrados de fama,
licenciados canonistas
que a Bártulos aventajan;
teólogos de conciencia
que la conservan y amparan*

*bachilleres y letrados
casi más que en Salamanca.*

Many doctors with tassels,
Many famous lawyers,
Licentiates in canonical law
Better than Bartulo;
Conscientious theologians
Who preserve and protect
their conscience;
Bachelors and lawyers
Almost more than in Salamanca.



Colonial Etiquette

He made even more fun of haughty Lima, with its "thousand poets of scant intellect" and its lawyers by the bushel. Those were the days when the Antarctic Academy flourished in Lima, attracting such illustrious *criollos* and Spaniards as Pedro de Oña, Alonso de Ojeda, and Diego de Fernangil. And even at that time Colombia was not to be outdone: it had as many poets then as now. Juan de Castellanos was the moving spirit of an academy in Tunja, and a number of Tunja poets and others from Santa Fe de Bogotá were cited in his *Elegías*. Not all were of equal merit, but all were equally enthusiastic about their art.

Many won a name in Spain, and earned Cervantes' praise in the *Canto de Caliope* and the *Viaje del Parnaso* and Lope de Vega's in *El Laurel de Apolo*. Mejía de Fernangil collected poems by his comrades in the *Primera Parte del Parnaso Antártico*, printed in Seville in 1608,



Among conquistadors and early Americans of Spanish blood, it was fashionable to resort to duels to assuage wounded pride

and his own in the second part, which has come down to us unpublished. In Mexico some *Flores de Varia Poesía* (Flowers of Varied Poetry), which included works by *criollo* poets, were collected—valuable evidence, though it too was never published. Finally, books published in Europe, especially in Spain and Italy, were widely read, a point on which much light has been thrown by Irving A. Leonard's studies of book sales during colonial days.

According to the physician Juan de Cárdenas, even the rural *criollo* spoke in language "so polished, courtly, and deft, and with so many delicate and rhetorical prefaces, neither studied nor artificial, but natural, that he seems to have lived all his life at court. I'll be hanged," he adds, "if a courtier brought up in Madrid or Toledo can turn a phrase, make an offer, or pay a well-polished and carefully modeled compliment better than a *criollo*. One time when a Mexican hidalgo [a



Grace, beauty, and elegance characterized the veiled women of Lima in a bygone day, who excelled in the art of coquetry

petty nobleman] was trying to tell me that in a sense he had little fear of death with me as his doctor, he expressed himself this way: 'Let the fates wind up the thread of my life as it pleases them, for when they wish to cut it, I have you at my side to tie up the ends.' Another Mexican once said to me: 'Make use of this house, for you know it is at your worship's disposal.' Such are the compliments," he concludes, "of men born in the Indies." It is well to emphasize that none of this refers to the mestizo, for whom Cárdenas felt lofty scorn.

As can be seen, the Spanish ideal of courtesy was becoming distorted, and this sort of mannered behavior began to seem typical of America. Even the conquistadors took on exaggerated mannerisms as part of the general polishing process they were undergoing. There is plenty of evidence that these warriors behaved among themselves as if they were not merely gentlemen, but noblemen, and as such they arrogated to themselves titles then held in high esteem, including *don*.

A famous case of *criollo* courtesy is that of the Mexican-born Golden Age playwright Don Juan Ruiz de Alarcón—who certainly usurped that elevated title. In examining Alarcón's Mexican traits, the distinguished scholar Pedro Henríquez Ureña laid particular stress on his courtesy. The characters in his plays are very affable and scrupulous in their manners. "Who flatters every time he opens his mouth? Who is a fawner and a wheedler?" asked Quevedo in a cruel poem attacking Alarcón. This courtesy is native to the Mexican character, Henríquez Ureña continues, and in his opinion may stem from Indian roots. "Courteous as a Mexican Indian," wrote Espinel in his *Marcos de Obregón*; and at the end of the seventeenth century, Bishop Palafox praised the Mexican Indian's extraordinary courtesy. This idea has been commonly accepted, even by those eminent scholars, Alfonso Reyes and Antonio Castro Leal. Reyes adds another possible explanation: such conduct is scarcely surprising in a man with Alarcón's social and physical handicaps (he was hunchbacked).

Accurate and perceptive as his main thesis appears to be, Henríquez Ureña neglects to distinguish between

the courtesy of the *criollos* and that of the Mexican Indians, which they shared with the Incas, builders of another great American Indian culture. If the Aztecs' preoccupation with ceremony, respect, and even deference is amply documented in the chronicles, similar data can be found on the Peruvian Incas, who were "very courteous and ceremonious," according to Morúa. Their civilization's marked distinctions of caste and social category encouraged the development of a highly complicated code of behavior that reached amazing extremes in the relationship between the emperor and his subjects. There is abundant evidence of this in Garcilaso; he relates, for example, that "if a woman who was not a *palla*—matron of royal blood—although the wife of a *curaca*—lord of vassals—went to visit the royal *palla*, she did not take any handiwork of her own to do, implying that because she was not an equal she did not come to visit but to serve a superior. The *palla*, as a great favor, responded by giving her something she herself or one of her daughters was working on, in order not to equate her with the servants by giving her something they were making." He adds significantly: "This was all the visitor could desire, because the *palla* had unbent so far as to equate her with herself or with her daughters." And finally, "It was with such an interplay of affability and humility that men and women consistently dealt with each other in that realm, the inferiors looking for ways to serve and please the superiors, and the superiors for ways to reward and favor the inferiors."

Like the etiquette, ceremonies were full of pomp and precise in detail. One need only recall the ritual of initiating youths of royal blood as noblemen, which became so famous that it was described at length by the Inca Garcilaso, Cristóbal de Molina of Cuzco, Cieza de León, Fray Jerónimo Román (who echoed Molina), and many others.

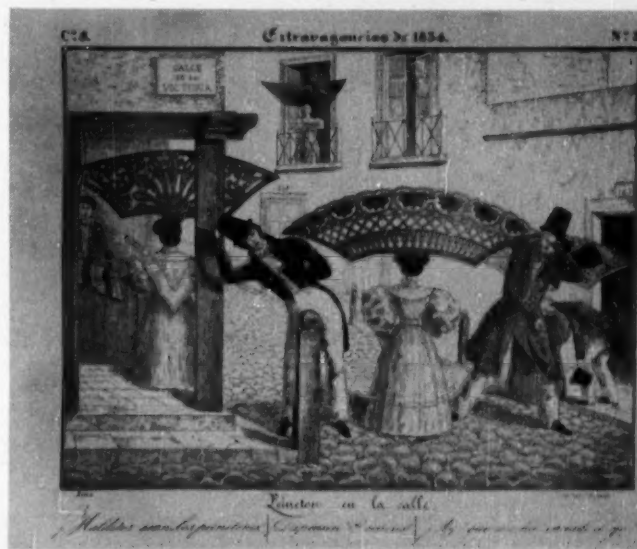
It is not strange that Porras Barrenechea should have noticed the same courtesy in Garcilaso, with his background, as in the Mexican Alarcón. The characteristic seems to have been common to all Americans of that time. But a comparison of the two reveals that there was a difference—not because the Inca was older or because he was Peruvian rather than Mexican, but above all because he was a mestizo and Alarcón a *criollo*. While Indian influence on Garcilaso is unquestionable, for he imbibed it with his mother's milk, it would be rash to assume that it could have been brought to bear at such an early date on a *criollo* like Alarcón strongly enough to affect his formulas of courtesy. Where fashion is concerned, imitation of the inferior by the superior is highly unlikely.

But if we recall Dr. Cárdenas' testimony concerning American manners, we see that the pure *criollos* had their own cult of etiquette, which existed side by side with the ceremoniousness of the Incas and Aztecs and which had come by way of the new conquistador aristocracy from Spain itself. In Garcilaso, therefore, courtesy must have had twin roots.

In the midst of their years of rugged living, and even during the actual campaigns, some of the conquistadors

had been notably fastidious. Bernal Díaz said of Francisco de Saucedo that "because he was very polished, we called [him] 'the courtier'; it was said he had been headwaiter to the Admiral of Castile." He also told of a Solís, "who said he was a De la Huerta. We called him silk smock, because he took much pride in wearing a silk smock." If this sort of thing occurred in a company of soldiers, how much more frequent it would be when these same men became rich and powerful. Much of their arrogance must have been simply overemphasis on manners.

Moreover, and this is important, Spain was famous as an extremely courtly and ceremonious nation. If the ornate speech praised by Dr. Cárdenas amuses us today, the Spanish gallant's flattery, signs, and swoons provoked ridicule and anger in the Italians. According to Benedetto Croce, Spanish manners took hold first in Naples,



Extravagances of 1834 Buenos Aires: ladies in their fancy combs were a real menace to passersby

then spread to other parts of Italy, but it was not long before the protests began. Aretino spoke of the "fancy, fragrant, repugnant Spaniard." The Italians found such salutations as "your lordship," "your worship," and "your magnificence" artificial, uncomfortable, and odious. Buscelli wrote a whole satirical chapter "Against the 'Your Lordship' Way of Speaking [*Contra il parler per vostra signoria*]," but the style became established, and a friend wrote to Torquato Tasso that it was now impossible to dislodge it. G. de la Casa wrote that "men began addressing each other with artificial manners beyond what is suitable, calling each other *dueños* and *señores*," and even reached the point of kissing each other's hands as if they were priests. "This usage," he continued, "not original in our country, but foreign and barbarous, took out naturalization papers in Italy some time ago."

Expressions of respect such as "I kiss your hand" and

(Continued on page 45)



The class of 1953 at Pan American Agricultural School, Tegucigalpa—forty-five boys from ten Latin American countries—had dinner at a professor's house and met a distinguished visitor, Dr. Elmer D. Merrill (in dark shirt) of Harvard's Arnold Arboretum

APPRENTICE FARMERS

Louis O. Williams

Boys of the tropics train in Honduras

Photos by the Author

SHOUTS OF "Baño, baño!" are the unmistakable signal that a new student has arrived at the Pan American Agricultural School near Tegucigalpa, Honduras. Freshmen must be taught to respect upperclassmen at once, and for the newcomer the promise of a "bath" is an enigmatic premonition. It also heralds a new life.

The idea of creating this school to give basic agricultural training to youths from tropical Spanish America originated with United Fruit Company's President Samuel Zemurray, who had spent many years directing company operations in several Latin American countries where agriculture was the mainstay of the national economy. It seemed to him as valuable a contribution to the region's welfare as anything he could sponsor. Wilson Popenoe, who continues to direct the school, was given the job of selecting a suitable location, building the physical plant, gathering a staff, and getting things

started. The fruit company put up about a million dollars for the land and buildings, construction was completed, and classes began. That was in 1943. In February 1953, the school held its eighth graduation exercises, and still another group of students is now winding up the tough, three-year course.

Any native-born citizen of one of the Spanish-speaking republics of the American tropics who is between eighteen and twenty-one years old, physically sound, and has completed at least elementary school, is eligible. Every candidate for admission must write a letter to the director, in his own hand, requesting a scholarship. After acceptance, he must show intelligence, an unflinching desire to learn about agriculture, and ability to cooperate, if he is to keep his coveted place in the student body. So that no one is barred for lack of money, the training is free—the company has endowed the school with some-



Zemurray Hall, main building on the campus, houses offices, classrooms, laboratories, and assembly hall



Learning from the ground up: Ecuadoreans Orlando Muñoz (left) and Edgar Puyol prepare a seed bed for planting



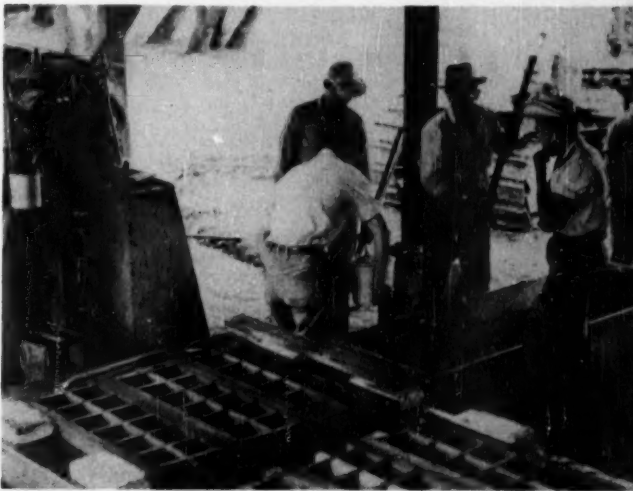
Student Miguel Coto of Guatemala practices irrigation technique in the citrus orchard



First year's emphasis is on horticulture: Luis Cáceres of Dominican Republic waters recently planted vegetables



Rafael Gochez of El Salvador (left) and Porfirio Granados of Honduras will know all about lettuce before they're through



Boys from Honduras, Colombia, and Guatemala team up to make the unrefined brown sugar known as panela

thing over three million dollars, and makes up the difference between the income from that fund and the annual operating costs of around three hundred thousand dollars. Whether from rich families or poor, whether the sons of laborers or presidents, all the boys are on an equal footing.

The new student finds the first year rugged. It means rolling out of bed at 5:30 in the morning to be on the job by 6:30—ready for good hard work that will make him a more efficient and intelligent farmer. Instead of simply watching a demonstration of how something should be done, he does it himself. The first year he is taught horticulture—all the basic procedures of tropical gardening and orchard cultivation. Among other things, he learns how to grow lettuce and graft orange trees, so thoroughly that he will never forget them. The professor sees to that, even though the student may feel he knows it all and would rather go on to something else.

At 11:15, time out for lunch. Our boy finds plenty of substantial food on the table, much of it school-grown. The average lad gains some eight pounds the first year, even though he is probably working harder than he ever has before.

The schedule is not all practice in the field. Classes are held in the afternoons, five days a week. Since biology is basic to agriculture, the student studies the plants and animals he will work with. At the start the word "entomology" may have been Greek to him, but he learns its practical meaning by studying insects that plague or help the farmer. He also takes up English, for most agricultural literature is written in that language; before he graduates he must be able not only to read it but also to carry on a conversation. Other courses tie in with the field work; thus he studies the vegetables as he grows them.

Evenings are not free—five days a week they are devoted to compulsory study. Nine o'clock is bedtime, and welcome, for 5:30 comes early, bringing another full day. Occasionally, there are exams, and careful records are kept of each boy's progress. Dozens of applicants would like to take the place of anyone who is not getting as much as he should out of it, and there is a reckoning at the end of the year, which the boys aptly term "the pruning." But those who have done their best and received good grades need not worry.

Vacation? Yes, for one month, if the boy's grades have been satisfactory and he can pay his own way home and back. But weekends in town are absolutely out.

The second year the student finds easier than the first, for the way of doing things is familiar. But he has to keep at it, for the schedule is calculated to be hard. The system is the same—field work, classes, study. Now he studies crops grown in extensive plantings—corn and beans, sugar cane, sweet potatoes. He learns to plant, cultivate, and harvest them—again, by doing. The afternoon classes deal mainly with field crops, plus a few subjects that all farmers should know. Again there are examinations and the inexorable "pruning" at the end of the term.

In many ways, the third and last year at the school

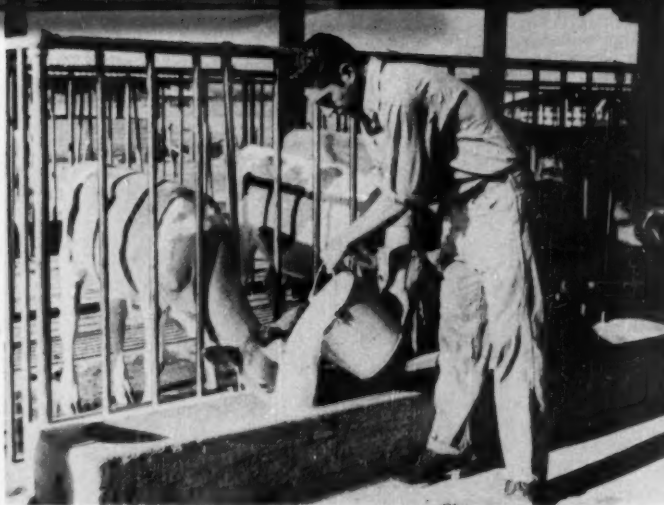
is the best. The student is better acquainted with his companions, realizing that they are pretty fine fellows wherever they come from and whatever preconceived ideas he may have had about their countries. The professors, too, of whom he was a little fearful in the first two years, he knows better and respects for what they are trying to do. Nationality is unimportant; what counts is what they know—and perhaps more important still is what they admit they don't know. Now the class, which started out with sixty or seventy members, may be down to forty or forty-five. It's no time to slack off, for by the time a boy graduates, the school's investment in him and his education is five thousand dollars or more.

The third year he studies animal husbandry, learning to handle and butcher a steer, to breed and care for hogs, about all aspects of stock raising in the tropics. He learns to make good butter—and not to regard that as woman's work. When his turn comes, he gets up at three in the morning to help in the dairy. Class work continues to follow the same general plan.

The boys come to the school to work and to learn, but the student leads a well-rounded life. He can participate in sports of all kinds (the Nicaraguans and Cubans are especially adept at baseball). Almost any day he finds a soccer game going on after class, and on Sundays an occasional match with a team from Tegucigalpa or Danlí. There is a swimming pool and a club, and always someone who wants to sing or play the guitar or marimba. Once a week a movie is shown, and now and again a fiesta takes place. Liquor of all kinds is off limits.

At the end of his third year, the student has a good basic knowledge of horticulture, field crops, and animal husbandry. The school's diploma carries no academic degree, and the training cannot be compared with that, say, in U.S. schools or colleges. It is for boys who might not be able to get agricultural training anywhere else; some students come to Tegucigalpa with only six years of school behind them, others with twelve. Regardless of the boy's scholastic background, the diploma certifies that the work of the school, which does not correspond to a fixed academic level, has been satisfactorily completed. But many of the graduates go on to advanced training in the United States or elsewhere. Alumni with the equivalent of high school training before attending the school have been accepted as juniors at the University of Florida.

It is United Fruit's aim that these boys should go back to active work in agriculture or agricultural extension in their own countries, carrying their new knowledge to their people. A survey indicated that 95 per cent do just that. Because several Central American governments have recently stepped up agricultural development, the demand exceeds the supply of Tegucigalpa graduates to fill the posts of extension workers and teachers in vocational agricultural schools. Some graduates go to family-owned ranches or plantations, others hire out—but it is against company policy to employ them on its banana farms. They work for themselves and their countries. ♦ ♦ ♦



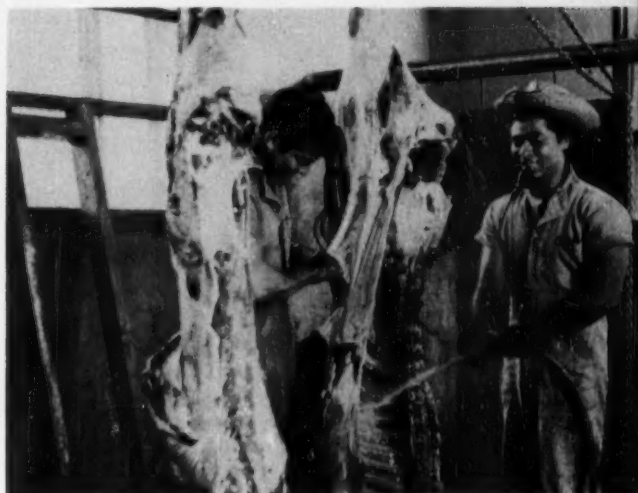
Students learn care of all kinds of farm animals: Elías Serrano of Nicaragua gives calves their breakfast



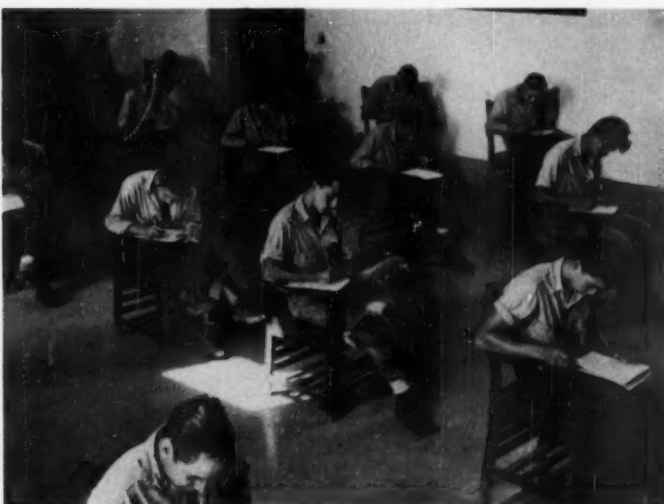
Ecuadorean Simón Malo feeds brood sows as part of his animal-husbandry training



For today's farming, boys must learn assembly, use, and maintenance of agricultural machinery



Graduates know how to do all farm jobs themselves: Cuban Lionel Torres and Salvadorean Jorge Menéndez learn to butcher a steer



Examinations, covering class and field studies, are tough, for many boys would like a chance to attend the school



In a lighter moment, Juan Piloña of Guatemala leads the fun at the drums

OAS

FOTO FLASHES



El Salvador became the second country in the Hemisphere to deposit the instrument of ratification of the additional protocol to the Pan American sanitary code when its OAS Ambassador Héctor David Castro (center, seated), who is also his country's Ambassador to Washington, signed the necessary documents at the Pan American Union. The 1924 sanitary code was modified in Havana at the 1952 meeting of the Pan American Sanitary Organization to meet the requirements of the Pan American Sanitary Bureau's new role as the regional office of the World Health Organization. Looking on are (from left, standing) Dr. Manuel Canyes, chief of the PAU Division of Law and Treaties, and OAS Assistant Secretary General William Manger. Flanking Ambassador Castro at the table are PASB Secretary General Miguel E. Bustamante and OAS Secretary General Alberto Lleras.

At a summer evening concert in the Aztec Garden of the Pan American Union, pretty Colombian soprano Yolanda Vásquez sang compositions by leading composers of her native country, Chile, Venezuela, Peru, Cuba, and Mexico. Miss Vásquez embarked on her career at the School of Music in Medellín, and wound up her studies in Havana and New York. Under contract to leading radio stations in Colombia, Venezuela, and Cuba, she has also sung leading roles in several operas. During the coming winter season, she will appear at the New York City Center in *The Student Prince*, *Rose Marie*, and *Blossom Time*.



After President Eisenhower named her Technical Delegate on the Directing Council of the American International Institute for the Protection of Childhood, Elisabeth Shirley Enochs took the oath of office recently in Washington in the presence of the Department of State's Chief of Protocol John F. Simmons (right) and John M. Cabot, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. Now with the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, Mrs. Enochs brings to her job a wide background in child welfare work. Beginning in 1927 as an assistant to the then chief of the Children's Bureau Katharine F. Lenroot, she has taken part in the activities of the AIIPC—which was designated an Inter-American Specialized Organization under the OAS Charter in 1949—and in the four Pan American Child Congresses held since she began her career. Born in Oklahoma when it was Indian territory, Mrs. Enochs was educated in Europe and at George Washington University. She is an accomplished linguist and writer on foreign affairs.



In recognition of his work on behalf of the women of the Americas, Uruguayan Ambassador to Washington and the OAS José A. Mora (standing) recently received a testimonial scroll at the Pan American Union building. Presented by the Inter-American Commission of Women, the award recognized his services especially during the 1948 Bogotá Conference, when Uruguay sponsored the conventions on civil and political rights for women that were approved at that time. On hand for the occasion were (from left, clockwise): Mrs. Esther Neira de Calvo, Executive Secretary of the Inter-American Commission of Women; Mrs. Mora; Mrs. Amalia de Castillo Ledón, president of the IACW; and OAS Secretary General Alberto Lleras.

On a tour of the United States under the auspices of the State Department, Brazilian journalist Adil da Silva (left) paid a visit to the Pan American Union, where he was received by his fellow countryman Dr. Erico Veríssimo, Chief of the PAU Cultural Affairs Department. Both are from Porto Alegre. Mr. da Silva represents *Correio do Povo*, the oldest newspaper in southern Brazil, for which he handles cinema and theatrical reporting, and Dr. Veríssimo is one of Latin America's best-known novelists.



it's the talk in...

Santiago

Journalists, intellectuals, and politicians flocked around Madame Genevieve Tachon, the noted French political commentator, when she stopped over in Santiago. Nicknamed "Alexandra" for her prodigious insight into the center of world affairs, she astounded the world a few years ago with the publication of *They Called Me Castaneda*, in which she gave the inside story on events that have shaken the world in the last ten years. Chileans were perhaps hopeful that she might again have had her cynical ball, but she would only talk about her journey. Disappointed at first, her listeners were finally won over by her eloquent lectures and vivid anecdotes about the personalities who have decided the destiny of nations of our time.

Everyone is delighted over the new decree of the Ministry of Economics and Commerce designed to decentralize industry. The aim is to foster provincial development and prevent overgrowth of the capital. The Ministry intends to do this through tax exemptions. It is a long-range project, but the fact that the wheels have already been put in motion has caused general satisfaction.

For the fourth time radio engineers, electronic engineers, and government officials have met in Santiago to discuss the problem of installing TV in Chile. Different systems were compared to determine which could be best adapted to the country. The debate was heated but unanimous agreement was reached on the following: 1) the government will not grant any concessions until a definite set of rules for TV has been established; 2) TV stations will be on the air not more than four hours a day; 3) there will be no live official programs, except for those in which the President may appear; 4) the Ministry of Economics and the Bureau of Electrical Services will facilitate imports of electronic equipment.

Now that vacations are over, there is much talk about the lush new Hotel Pedro de Valdivia in the lake region.—Sergio Carrillo

Caracas

Literary circles have been engaged in a strenuous tug-of-war over the winner of this year's National Literary Prize sponsored by the Ministry of Education. The 20,000 bolivars (approximately \$3,000) are awarded annually—for the best book of verses one year, of prose the next. This time three of the five jury members favored Félix Armando Núñez *Poema de la Tarde* (Afternoon Poem), a volume of modern verse. But the two other judges (poets José Ramón Medina and Juan A. de Armas Chitty) walked out, protesting that Isa Genache's *Poesías* was the most distinguished entry. Their view was shared by writer Mariano Elosa Sales, who considered Miss Genache's work as important as Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz's had been in her time. Whereupon a group of writers who were also unhappy with the verdict published a manifesto in favor of Miss Genache's poems. So the controversy still rages about one of the best outstanding writers in present day Venezuelan literature.

Another literary plume went to Guillermo Meneses for his unpublished novel *El Falso Cuaderno de Narciso Espejo* (The False Notebook of Narciso Espejo). The book was written in Paris, while the author served as Secretary at the Venezuelan Embassy. The prize, which is normally of 5,000 bolivars (approximately \$1,500, but tripled this year, since there were no winners in 1961 and 1962), was established ten years ago by Mrs. Anita Boulton de Phelps as a memorial to her great-uncle, Aristides Rojas, a distinguished nineteenth-century intellectual. With the

exception of novelist Lucio Pulido (Chavell) who died in 1950, all the judges (two poets, another novelist, and an economist) picked the Meneses book. His rival was *Una Brisa de Viento en Viento* (A Fragment of Straw in the Wind) by Ricardo Güellaga, a story of university life in Havana, which, according to reports, did not come up to the high quality associated with the author of *Doña Bárbara*.

Preparations for the Tenth Inter-American Conference, scheduled to open in Caracas next March, are moving along apace. Dr. Alberto Lleras, OAS Secretary General, has just been in town to work out details for this important meeting with Dr. Manuel Arellano (Secretary General of the Tenth Conference) and other Venezuelans. In a frenzy of construction, one building after another is going up at headquarters, which are in the ultra-modern University City just outside the capital. The main lecture hall—3,000 capacity—is gradually nearing completion and the library, the rector's office, the auditorium, the communications building, and the museum, whose exhibits relating to the conference will be housed.

Now that the committee is formed and things are really getting under way, rumors are rife about the forthcoming Latin American Music Festival. The first of its kind, the Festival is planned for November 1964, and will include music from colonial times to date. It's the baby of Cuban novelist-musicologist Alejo Carpentier, who now makes his home in Caracas. Three prizes will be offered by the José Martí Music Foundation, which will sponsor the event. For the best distinguished, unpublished symphonic work.—Rafael Sánchez

Bogotá

Colombians in six cities ruled out the welcome mat for the ten-day swing around their country of 600-700 editors and publishers from the United States. The *Writers* (Latin sampling of almost every corner of the country, about their literary included stopovers in the provincial capitals of Medellín, Manizales, Cali, Barranquilla, and Cartagena. They were particularly impressed by Colombia's impetuous and industrial development, and were interested to see firsthand those economic ventures that are backed by both U.S. and Colombian capital. Besides visiting the Paz del Río steel mills in Boyacá Department, they looked over the Baza de Ciénaga dredging project at the mouth of the Magdalena River in Barranquilla. So far the dredgers have reached a depth of twenty-five feet, trying to eliminate Barranquilla's age-old problem of a silt-choked harbor. They expect to go thirty feet deep, which should give young-going vessels free access to the harbor. Before the visitors departed, the President announced construction of two new hydroelectric plants—each with 250,000 kilowatt capacity—to serve the eastern and southwestern sections of the country.

Happily, people in the United States will now have an opportunity to see the historic gold objects that have been on permanent display in Bogotá at the Banco de la República. Arrangements have just been completed between the Bank and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, the National Gallery in Washington, the Art Institute in Chicago, and the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum in San Francisco for a traveling exhibit of eighty selected pieces of the ancient pre-Hispanic gold work. The masterpieces will go on view in January 1965, and will remain in the United States for six months.

Bogotanos take particular pride in the return of orchestra conductor Jaime Loin, who has been in touch with the Ballet Concerto of New York for an engagement of several weeks' duration. This marks the opening of a tour by the group throughout South America.

SALUTE TO PANAMA

(Continued from page 5)

Apart from the incidents of politics thus briefly narrated, one thing remains inalterable: the continual progress of the republic, which goes on growing in population, in material wealth, in culture, sanitation, and healthfulness. In these fields the statistics speak with matchless eloquence.

The population reached 466,098 in 1920, 631,549 in 1940, and 805,283 in 1950, with the present level estimated at more than 900,000. The major growth showed up, naturally, in Panama City, which has seen its area as well as its population multiplied several times. From a city of some 30,000 in 1903, the capital grew to 120,000 in 1940 and is now close to the 200,000 mark. By contrast, and despite the general increase, in some interior cities the curve has leveled off or even declined.

The Isthmus population is marked by intense mixing, which has been going on throughout the country's history, particularly in the cities exposed to influxes from outside, stepped up recently by the Canal's manpower requirements. This tremendous increase in Panama's population is not a matter of chance. It is a direct con-



Trading and produce boats from Pacific coast ports anchor off public market in Panama City



In 1940, U.S. helped pave Panama City-Río Hato stretch of highway built in 1924 to Concepción near Costa Rican border

Below: science, engineering and architecture, and humanities buildings on University of Panama's modern campus



sequence of the general improvement in living conditions.

The job of sanitation was begun in the Canal Zone as an indispensable step in the construction of the route. Our long-standing bad reputation in regard to climate and health conditions aroused special zeal in the U.S. sanitary authorities, to whom the Panamanian Government entrusted the supervision of activities in that field.

The cities of Panama and Colón were provided with excellent water systems, sewers and streets were built, an efficient sanitary inspection and garbage collection service was established. The biggest towns in the interior were given water supplies and electricity; modern hospitals, clinics, and dispensaries went up; an intense anti-malaria and sanitation campaign was organized on a permanent, systematic basis throughout the country.

Just recently, the University of Panama inaugurated its own medical school, and for years an excellent nursing school in Santo Tomás Hospital has been supplying the nation with trained personnel. Today the republic has an efficient system of public and private hospitals and a large and able medical corps.

The work accomplished in sanitation and public health would not have been possible without the parallel development of communication routes. Roads of various types totalling 1,426 miles, coastal shipping, and civil aviation were indispensable tools.

Construction of the prodigious Canal assured a decade of extraordinary income for the Panamanian economy. The considerable increase in government revenues permitted the state, from the beginning, to increase the budget progressively. Commerce grew in Panama and in Colón, whose Front Street won international fame in the tourist world. Property values went up in Panama City. All these factors, and the market for agricultural products that developed in the transit zone, brought in so much money that we passed from misery to opulence.

This situation was not noticeably changed by completion of the Canal because of the requirements for its maintenance and defense. The country's economic development affects wide sectors of the population. It is reflected in the curve followed by the government

budgets, which rose from a figure of 2,519,440 balboas in 1904 to 43,583,723 for 1952 (the balboa is pegged to the dollar at even exchange). Imports were worth 73,557,000 balboas in 1952 against 7,807,000 in 1908. The national per capita income, which was estimated at 343 balboas last year, compares favorably with income in other larger, more populous countries. Private bank deposits alone amounted to seventy-five million balboas on June 30 of this year.

A new way of thinking along political and economic lines, alert to the danger of excessive dependence on the Canal, is redesigning our economy. Fundamental transformations are taking place in the rural areas. While until very recently the biggest efforts were concentrated on cattle raising—our traditional rural industry—crop raising is today benefiting from new capital investment. Agricultural machinery is now an element in our rural landscape, and the technician daily becomes less exotic. So our ability to supply ourselves grows day by day. For years, our sugar mills, modernized in methods and equipment, have been producing more than we consume. We have ceased to import rice and are getting ready to sell abroad. And the production of our excellent coffee has been notably improved.

Progress is likewise being made in efforts at rational exploitation of our natural resources. The cement factory, which supplies our needs and exports, and the construction of a modern slaughter house are typical examples; also, the flourishing shrimp fishing industry, in which considerable capital has recently been invested. Nor should we forget the interest shown by the Government, as seen in the creation of the Institute of Economic Development.

Panama's development in the field of education and culture has been no less spectacular. This is the work on which the Panamanians have put the most emphasis, for cultivation of the school has been a constant and widespread preoccupation. It is set forth even in the constitution, which makes primary education free and compulsory and, in article 84, orders that "the expenditures required for the maintenance of the service of education shall have preference over all others." The sustained increase in school attendance and the gradual decrease in illiteracy are the achievements of the Government's big effort in the field of public education.

In 1896, the culminating moment in the development of the Department of Panama's public education, we had 142 schools of various kinds, 166 teachers—only thirteen of whom held professional degrees—and a total of 3,636

students. By 1951-52 there were 875 primary schools with 3,837 teachers and 108,011 students. Education took 20 per cent of the total national budget that year; in fact two years earlier it had consumed 25 per cent.

Secondary and higher education follow a parallel course. Several normal and vocational schools and about twenty secondary schools operate today all through the country. Last year secondary school registration totaled 16,450. The University of Panama, already installed in its own buildings at University City, gives instruction to some two thousand students and is still expanding.

Panama's extraordinary educational development has had noticeable repercussions in other aspects of cultural life, permitting vigorous intellectual development of the middle class, in whose hands the country's literary and artistic life rests. Held back in the past century by adverse factors that permitted it only sporadic outbursts of poetry along with important journalistic work, the literary calling flourished after 1903. Poetry first, then the essay, the short story, and the novel have attained a level that makes it possible to speak today of a Panamanian literature. Poets Darío Herrera, Ricardo Miró, and Demetrio Korsi won renown abroad, and men like Ricardo J. Alfaro, Harmodio Arias M., and Octavio Méndez Pereira command a world, or Hemispheric, audience, not to mention younger writers who are winning a name among their colleagues in other parts of America.

Journalism continues to be a favorite Panamanian occupation. Papers like *La Estrella de Panamá*, which rounds out a century of publication this year; *El Panamá América*, our liveliest and most modern periodical; the afternoon *La Nación*; and the tabloids *El País* and *La Hora* maintain an age-old tradition of militant journalism.

In the field of music, the country has not forgotten the contributions of the late Narciso Garay, who directed our first conservatory. And today Panama has musicians like the famed violin virtuoso Alfredo de Saint Malo, conductor Herbert de Castro, and Gonzalo Brenes and Roque Cordero, both composers and teachers who have just been put in charge of the newly established National Institute of Music.

Painting is also doing well, and Roberto Lewis—who taught several generations of students—Humberto Ivaldi, Eudoro Silvera, Pablo Runyan, and other artists are respected for their achievements.

We Panamanians have grown in many directions, and never was national feeling more united. The compromising association in which we live as a result of the Canal, the genesis of a complex daily coexistence with the most powerful country on earth, has been the source of constant stimuli that in practice have led to a continuous strengthening of our nationality. Even the rebelliousness and discontent of which youthful groups so often boast are proof of the sure, rising course that characterizes the nation's history. For only peoples that are unconquered, that have a clear consciousness of what they represent, aspire to improve their condition. And the people of Panama, hospitable and friendly, cosmopolitan and tolerant, jealous of their individualism, remain faithful to a long tradition of freedom. ♦ ♦ ♦



Shops and night clubs of Colón, at Atlantic entrance to Canal, are familiar to world's tourists and sailors

points of view



DRAMA ON A RIO TROLLEY

A TRIP ON A crowded city streetcar can offer a lot more than transportation—at least to a rider with the perceptive eye and sense of humor of Brazilian novelist and journalist Rachel de Queiroz. This account appeared in the column she writes for the Rio de Janeiro magazine *O Cruzeiro*:

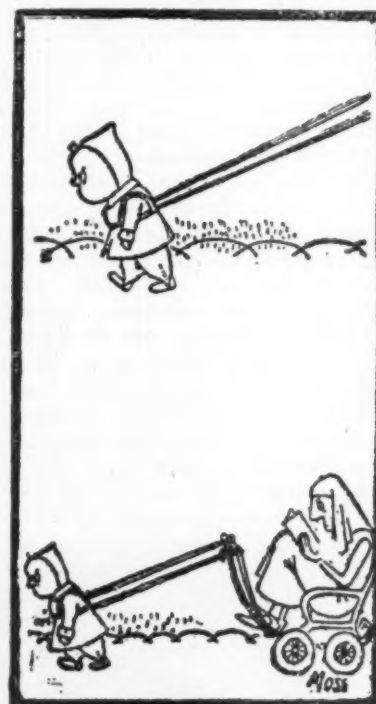
"The streetcar came to a stop at 15 de Novembro Square. It was overcrowded, but they say if you push hard enough you can always get in. Which was difficult to believe in this case because there was only room for half or one-fourth of a thin person, and perhaps for about one-eighth of the voluminous lady who hoisted herself onto the running board and then the back platform, together with a fireman and some amiable soldiers. Eventually she managed to squeeze into the car. Just as she was getting settled, the car made another stop, and who should get on but a tremendous *baiana* street vendor, clutching a case containing a small charcoal stove, a can of sweetmeats, a little stool, and a tray. She must have weighed two hundred pounds unclothed, if you'll pardon the expression, and all her starched petticoats and fancy costume jewelry certainly weighed twenty more.

There was a little pickaninny with her, who wangled her way through the crowd and managed to get a seat on the edge of the bench beside a girl laden with packages, who was nevertheless nice enough to make room for the child. No wonder, for the little rogue won everybody over with her sparkling black eyes and her broad, toothless smile.

"I forgot to say that there were two cars hooked together and all this happened in the one in front. In the back car the confusion seemed even worse. Passengers hung precariously on the platforms between the two, and a very dignified Negro with a Stalin-like mustache and the face of a high official in the Ministry of Labor was traveling surreptitiously on the coupler. When the conductor of either car came around to collect fares, the Negro would evade him by squeezing into the other. . . . He must have been doing it just for fun, for he didn't look as if he had to risk getting into trouble for the sake of a few cents. That's the kind of fun that everybody appreciates, I might add, for who objects to seeing a little blood squeezed out of the Light and Power Company?

"The streetcar went on for a while without any further assaults on the platforms. Those who clambered up

now stood on the running boards grasping the bars and providing a decorative superstructure. But at the stop in front of the railroad station, there was a near riot. At the very moment the crowd on the sidewalk was taking the car by storm, the *baiana* decided to get off. It was no easy job to remove her massive hulk from the nook in which she had encased it and get it through the crush of incoming passengers. But finally the *baiana* landed on the sidewalk, and the gap she left was instantly and violently filled. The conductor had just given the signal for departure when the stifling air was pierced by sharp cries. It was the little black-eyed imp screaming to get off. The general tension exploded in gusts of anger and tenderness, and everybody started ringing the bell like mad. Some got mixed up and pulled the strap that registers the fare, which set the conductor to swearing; a shrill voice decried the brutality of it all; the *baiana*, on the sidewalk, called softly for her daughter.



Mundo Hispánico, of Mexico, Buenos Aires, and Madrid, "The Magazine of Twenty-three Countries," brings us a bit of Spanish humor in this cartoon about cruelty to children from El Alcázar, Madrid

ter; the motorman, trying to help and show he was not responsible for the impasse, started to clang the bell under his foot.

"While the sympathetic passengers helped the little girl out, a gentleman standing between two rows of benches started haranguing. That was just it, he said—conductors, motormen, and inspectors were always siding with the Light and Power Company, but when they wanted a raise, they expected the public to pay higher fares. The people are always the losers. Then the conductor got mad and invited the gentleman to step outside, and the man said no, that he could tell the conductor was from Portugal and he didn't get mixed up with foreigners. At that point some smart aleck gave the signal for departure, and the motorman, who was fed up with the whole thing, drove on, leaving the conductor screaming on the sidewalk. . . . While they waited for him at the next stoplight, a policeman blew his whistle and complained loudly that the streetcar was holding up traffic. It was a scene of utter chaos, with the streetcar at a standstill, automobile horns honking frantically, the policeman blowing his whistle and waving his arms, and the passengers laughing their heads off.

Finally, the car started up and everything seemed calmer, but the same gentleman who had insulted the poor Light and Power employees had gotten his dander up and refused to brook any interruption. He said he was used to talking even when there was shooting going on. The reason the transportation situation is so bad, he assured his fellow passengers, is that although the government keeps promising to live up to the Constitution and move the capital to Goiás—yes, gentlemen, it's in the Constitution!—it doesn't actually do anything about it. Imagine how wonderful it would be for Rio to be rid of all the bureaucrats, the official cars, and the officials themselves. . . . At least one million people would leave, and just think of Rio with a million empty seats in the streetcars and buses, a million less people to house, a million fewer mouths to feed! Slums would disappear automatically, and the price of rice would plummet.

"The Chamber of Deputies and the Senate would depart, and so would all the government departments with their parasitical workers. On second thought, there would probably be considerably more than a million leaving, if you took into account all the lower employees—which was fine, since Rio had a surplus population of at least two million. At that the whole audience applauded, for each passenger was imagining what it would be like to travel with a vacant seat by his side.

"If that streetcar had been bigger, there might have been a revolution in Rio that day. Maybe the people would have told the government to pack up and go. But for better or for worse the streetcar was small, and even though it was packed, there wasn't enough of a crowd for a revolution. And when you come to think of it, the government is people like us, and only a man with a heart of iron could bring himself to leave the city, no matter how short it is on water, food, transportation, and light. As a passenger from northern Brazil put it: 'Do you think the angels would desert heaven just because there was no water or light? Heaven is heaven, no matter what.'"

IS THE MILKMAN OBSOLETE?

THE BENEFITS THAT dried milk can bring to all those concerned with getting man's most indispensable beverage from the cow to the table was ably presented in a recent issue of the *Review of the River Plate*, an English-language business weekly published in Buenos Aires:

"Every night at 10:30 P.M. a train heading north passes through the prosperous market town of Ceres, Argentina. . . . Every night this train steams in, and half an hour later, if all goes well, it steams out, but in that brief hour it has changed its character. Instead of a routine train from the south bearing an ordinary load of passengers and cargo, it is a train now playing an integral part in the organization of that great northern city three hundred miles away, ancient San Miguel de Tucumán. Tucumán, set in rich irrigated plains, with mountains to the north and desert to the south, uses her precious acres entirely for high-priced crops such as sugar and vegetables, producing incomes with which milk

cannot compete. So she looks to the first fertile lands to her south to ensure that Mr. and Mrs. Fulano and Baby Fulano (this is a generic name like John Doe or John Bull) may not be deprived of their early-morning milk.

"How sensible and how modern it sounds to the consumer—refrigerated milk brought up by the night train. But what does it really mean? It means a relentless, tumultuous conflict starting before dawn and only dying down near to midnight.

"At 4 A.M. all round the countryside of Ceres, men, women, boys, and girls scramble out of bed in the dark, light their hurricane lamps, shouting and calling, stumble through the dew-wet pastures straining eyes to find reluctant cows clumped together in blurred patches. The animals, heavy with milk, plod toward the milking sheds, the herders acutely aware of the coming light.

"Wet or fine, cold or hot, friends and foes elbow each other in the long low sheds lit by the glare of the hurricane lamps, which cast baffling shadows of cows and milkers as, inch by inch, the buckets are filled and emptied into churns and the churns heaved onto carts and hurried to the receiving station to meet the lorry that will be there as the sun rises. The lorry that will not wait and will not pay for milk that is not on time. Nor can the milk be kept.

"Primo, the lorry man, has not been lying abed either. His alarm clock, too, whirrs him awake in his little house near the refrigerating plant at 4 A.M. . . . After an anxious half hour of sweat and struggle, the engine catches and Primo starts out into a dull dawn lit by ominous jags of lightning and spasmodic rumbles of thunder. . . .

"Let us say that Primo, on this particular day, finishes his long morning round (fourteen leagues of earth roads and ruts) without trouble, and returns safely with his load to the freezer. But here, to make a realistic picture, the big stationary engine is acting up—probably a dirty fuel line—and Angel and his tractor are taken off the ploughing . . . to turn over the compressor. If the milk is not frozen immediately, it will never reach the North as milk, with temperatures from

77° to 113° F. in the shade. The work is too heavy for the tractor and amateur engineers try (and discuss) adjustments to the big engine, which, just as despair is creeping over them, coughs and starts working. The freezer gets into its stride and the morning tumult dies down to beefsteaks and siesta, only to start all over again with the afternoon delivery, ending this time with the final run to Ceres station to catch our train from the south.

"Four four-wheel-drive lorries, wet or fine, must plough through dust or mud to deliver their milk without fail. Beefy stevedores, shivering in winter and sweating in summer, load the clashing heavy cans into the bowels of the special refrigerator car, urged on by the quivering station master, wracked by responsibility for time-tables, by fear of collisions, and by impatient passengers waiting agog. Nevertheless he has been known to keep that train waiting for as much as two hours, when the harassed axle of one lorry broke at a crucial moment and its load had to be transferred to a rescuing van. He would wait longer. Four lorries fully loaded with iced milk stranded in his station on a sweltering night are the stuff that nightmares are made of, and not the kind that evaporate. . . . At last the lorries get rid of their loads and rumble away with their weary crews; the station master wipes his brow and fades off the platform. The milk is on its way.

"Now it is the milkman's turn in Tucumán to carry on the tumult. Bottle by bottle, door to door, street by street, through the early morning hours the rattle goes on, until the long trouble ends when Mrs. Fulano enters her kitchen in the morning after a peaceful night's sleep to occupy herself with breakfast and to pick up that clean, cool bottle of pasteurized milk.

"Here are the fruits of modern mechanisms, liquid milk delivered three hundred miles from its source. And of all the thousands of gallons of milk that were drawn drop by drop from hundreds of cows, some will be spilled and wasted, and most of it will be so thoroughly boiled that it will cease to have any but a faint color resemblance to the fresh cow's milk that was so carefully preserved at the price of so much costly hurry. . . .

"Consider for a moment an alternative picture, based on dried milk. The cows would be milked in daylight and the milk taken to a nearby creamery as soon as conveniently possible. Each creamery, or even each dairy, could have a drying plant and produce its own dehydrated milk, storing it in sacks or cartons. Once a week, picking a fine day, a lorry or horsecart would call and gather up the fruit of the dairy herds' labors.

"The dried milk could then be sent by ordinary cargo train without refrigeration to Tucumán, where a plentiful stock could be kept on hand so as to balance the year's necessities. Mrs. Fulano would then depend on a stable supply and would not worry about her milkman's daily delivery. She would buy her milk at the grocer's along with other foods, and she would return Tucumán water to the powder, instead of paying for the transport of Ceres water. Finally the drink she would achieve, did she but know it, would be very little different in taste from the boiled milk to which she is accustomed, and much better than the over-boiled milk with which she sometimes regales her family when the 'frig' is out of order or the day is stormy.

"In a crowded world, where a great many people live herded together a long way from a cow, a diet in which dried milk replaces fresh milk must be more economical. The price can be more nearly stabilized and it will be possible to avoid a scarcity due, not so much to lack of the article, as to its high price. Actual waste due to deterioration in transport, a figure certainly high though difficult to estimate, is automatically eliminated. There would in fact be an increase in production due to elimination of waste and stabilization of price. In the 1930 slump many people spoke bitterly about over-production as being unreal, and said the serious problem was faulty distribution; and yet these same people, if asked to cure the conditions by drinking dried milk, would have been the first to protest. In general terms, apart from canning, not only dried milk, but the drying of all highly perishable articles for those who live far from the source of supply either physically or financially is a real in-

crease in production. A mere slavish following of old techniques is not the only way. . . .

"Since milk is 87 per cent water, we are shipping more water than anything else, and the consumer is paying for something he can just as well get out of a tap. What would you say if the milkman arrived one morning with the water for the milk separated from the rest of the ingredients and if he tipped a whisky measure of milk essence into a bottle of water, and, after a suitable cocktail-shaking, presented it to you for your morning coffee? The obvious answer is eliminate the milkman, he has ceased to be necessary. . . .

"Protein, so important in growth and maintenance, and more freely available in milk than in any other form of food, is at an advantage in dried milk in that where it is desirable to increase the percentage it can be done by adding less water. The fat in milk which causes such heart burning by its absence (and still more by its presence) is controllable in dried milk. Too much fat can do more harm to the digestion than too little. Skimmed milk which is high in protein and low in fat can be a more valuable food than whole milk. The many thousands of babies who have been brought up on dried milk are living proof that it contains all the other ingredients that go to make a complete food. . . .

"Milk is a highly complicated food-stuff, and as such is liable to change. Food so perfect is also just the food for bacteria, beneficial and otherwise. From the moment that it is drawn from the cow they begin to multiply astronomically, so that the schoolboy was profoundly right who, when asked: 'What is the best way to keep milk?' answered: 'In the cow.' The majority of the population never receives its milk before six hours have passed, and in many cases for twenty-four hours, and it is then milk which, due to bacterial action, has already started acidifying, a process which eventually leads to 'cut' milk. The taste too is undergoing a gradual change. This is important when considering dried milk, for if it preserved the taste of perfectly fresh milk, the town-dweller would not like it. Like so many of our problems in this age of transition, it

GRADUADO

por LINO PALACIO



Argentina's Lino Palacio, who got his start with *Divito*, the famous caricaturist of the humor magazine *Rico tipo!*, finds that learning English means more than winning a diploma. From *Mundo Hispánico*

is psychological rather than practical, of caprice rather than fact, of brain rather than stomach. . . .

"At about four or five hours after it has left the cow it is the custom in the small section of the civilized world in which we live to proceed to stop the increasing acidity and bacterial growth by either boiling or pasteurizing, which again changes the flavor. Doctors have commonly instructed housewives to boil milk three times in rapid succession. This alters the flavor considerably and brings the milk very near to the dried milk of the 1914-18 war. However, the same housewife who produces this alchemy, and, confident in her doctor's advice, likes her milk thus treated and teaches her children to like it, would consider herself ill-used if she had to 'put up' with modern dried milk, by this time dietetically and gastronomically a vastly superior food. . . .

"A little girl who came to stay with us in the country to improve her health objected to our fresh farm milk a bare half hour from the milking. It tasted of cow, she told us. She was used to pasteurized milk, that, naturally, tasted of pasture. We took away her glass, tipped out some of the milk and replaced it with water, and the child was happy.

"Such is the crassness of humanity that many families live happily, with ailing children, on much boiled milk, who would refuse to consider dried milk. Yet if Baby Fulano were only trained to dried milk there is enough evidence to show that he would prefer it to all other milk, and so eventually create a cheap and stable demand and supply. . . .

"To go back for a moment to the point at which our bucket of milk has begun to go pleasantly acid (sour). There are some gourmets who would consider it criminal to boil or pasteurize so valuable a concoction and would proceed to accelerate the process and produce that highly health-giving and [increasingly popular] substance 'Yogurt' or bacteria-controlled acid curds and whey. Some take the next step and form of these curds, cheese, 'Petit Suisse,' 'Toumin,' 'Ricota,' and eat them with sugar, salt, ground coffee, jam, lettuce, or banana. What is this thing called milk? Who can

say what is the proper flavor? Who dares now to say that dried milk has not a proper flavor?

"The capricious dogmatism of the human being in regard to taste expands to sight as well, quite apart from smell, which is so intricately mixed with taste as to be inseparable. Sight has even less reason and more emotion attached to it than smell. Butter must be yellow with the yellow produced by a tasteless chemical substance called carotin. But if carotin is eaten in any quantity by beef animals, it turns their fat yellow, and the meat fat is then 'obnoxious yellow fat.' Heaven help us! . . . We are not even consistent in our prejudices and shibboleths. In Britain milk with tea must be cold, in Argentina hot, in China absent. The elect put the milk in first, the elite last, and so on to infinity. Each individual lets himself go with his self-appointed divine right to be pernickety about food. . . .

"In the past of abundance, fancies in food, if not justified, did not particularly matter, but it is evident that the consumer does not merely consume, he selects in such a way as to be the despair of parliaments, and the opportunity for profiteers. Indeed he is encouraged by trade, which grows rich on human foibles. . . . If we are really going into a future of food scarcity, our civilization might easily founder on the unnecessary fancies of a thoughtless population crying out for more food and refusing to eat what there is.

"The President of the Argentine Republic has continuously pointed out the danger of this fact, as has been frequently reported in *The Review*, and the wastefulness of a nation that must eat its bread new and won't eat its meat cold or twice cooked. Waste, always important, only really becomes obvious when drought after drought attacks a country, but it should not be ignored when, as they surely will, the wet years return. The next best way of increasing production is to decrease the production that is thrown away. The producer and the distributor have done their part, and more than their part; now it is up to the consumer to help civilization wrench itself out of the medieval economy of 'feast and famine.'"



books

WHAT HAPPENED TO FAWCETT?

ON A BALMY SUMMER DAY or a cold sleety winter afternoon many have let their imaginations wander into never-never lands of lost trails, lost cities, and buried treasure. Few have done anything about it. An exception was Colonel Percy Harrison Fawcett, British explorer, who, with his son Jack and Raleigh Rimell, disappeared in 1925 deep in the Brazilian interior while searching for a fabulous pre-Columbian city.

In 1953, the Fawcett mystery is still a fresh and controversial subject. Dramatically pointing up two opposing points of view concerning that fantastic adventure in the Brazilian wilderness, we have two new books, one published in the United States, the other in Brazil, by authors who tried, on the same expedition, to retrace the lost colonel's footsteps. One is *Lost Trails, Lost Cities, An Explorer's Narrative*, by Colonel P. H. Fawcett, edited by his son Brian. The other is *Esqueleto na Lagoa Verde, Um Ensaio Sobre a Vida e o Sumiço do Coronel Fawcett* (Skeleton in the Green Lake, An Essay on the Life and Disappearance of Colonel Fawcett), by Brazilian journalist Antonio Callado. The title of the Brazilian volume alludes to one of the bodies of three explorers the Indians were supposed to have buried on the banks of the lake. The authors' joint expedition was an attempt to clear up the mystery of the unknown skeletons.

Anyone who has ventured even a few miles off the beaten track in the states of Goiás or Matto Grosso or in the Amazon region has felt the tingle of adventure and danger. Is Fawcett dead or alive? Did he find the lost city? Was he killed by the Kalapalo Indians? Neither of these two new books clears up the story. Both add fuel to the fire. The more details that appear concerning Fawcett's last expedition, the more absorbing the explorer's disappearance becomes. For years to come, the Fawcett saga will be the source of many books and investigations.

Lost Trails, Lost Cities was written from the manuscripts, letters, and other records left by Colonel Fawcett and covers three periods of exploration in South America. The first section of the book treats the years 1906-1909; the second, 1910-1914; and the third, 1915-1925. All this material has been edited and delightfully illustrated by the explorer's son. The last section, a mere twenty pages written by Brian Fawcett, is the most intriguing part of the volume. The final messages from the explorer are presented, plus all the new information concerning Fawcett's last location. Brian Fawcett went into the jungle where the expedition was last reported and, from the evidence uncovered there, is not convinced of his father's death. According to him, there is a possibility that Colonel Fawcett penetrated the barrier of savage tribes and reached his objective.

Following the Fawcett adventure via his log books makes superb reading. You find yourself in a world of excitement and suspense, and it is difficult to put the book down once you get started on the trail. Here is adventure writing in the grand tradition.

The flavor of the Amazon rubber boom is caught in detail, and there are graphic descriptions of Bolivians, Brazilians, Peruvians, and Englishmen trapped in debt-slavery and forced to work in the green hell of the upper Amazon. Historians of the Amazon Valley will find information that is invaluable. Brutality, murder, and mayhem were the order of the day, and Fawcett records the events in all their gory detail. Snakes bigger than modern science will admit, bloodcurdling encounters with Indians, and countless stories of Europeans gone native come at the reader with breathtaking speed. In Cuiabá, Matto Grosso, Colonel Fawcett describes how a drink-sodden human derelict begging for money stared at his riding breeches, reached out to feel the material, and suddenly burst into tears. "Box cloth by God, sir!" he muttered. "I ought to know it. I was once a cavalry major in India!"

Shaky on some phases of Brazilian history and committing a number of errors in regard to Indian anthropology, Fawcett gave a certain Baron Munchausen air to several of the adventures. Some claim he was a mystic. In any case, the Colonel's respect for the Indians and his apparent determination to treat them fairly and with friendliness is apparent throughout the book.

The excellent designs by Brian Fawcett give the book an added flair. Footnotes by the editor also lend enchantment. In one the explorer's son describes his adventures near some Inca ruins. Some liquid found in a tomb was accidentally spilled on a rock, and shortly afterward it was discovered that the rock had turned as soft as wet cement. This will add more mystery to the great controversy concerning the Indian technique of cutting and molding the huge stones used in their magnificent buildings.

Lost Trails, Lost Cities is an exciting and provocative book. Its spirit is caught in the introduction when Brian Fawcett, writing about his father, states: "Would that the record of his ill-fated trip had come to light! It may yet be found. Who knows?"

Esqueleto na Lagoa Verde was published in Brazil in 1953, before *Lost Trails, Lost Cities* appeared. Mr. Callado presents conflicting material about Fawcett and his last position in the jungle; in fact, this reviewer became so confused that old government maps, obtained while traveling in the Amazon, were hauled out of the attic. Nothing was gained, however, as too many "ifs," "buts," and conjectures were involved.

In January 1952, Antonio Callado went into the area where Fawcett was supposed to have been murdered, and on the basis of this experience, he analyzes details surrounding the Englishman's disappearance. The author proceeds to reconstruct the explorer's probable personality, making side trips into an interpretation of the English people in general, the Fawcett family in particular, and the Indian problem in Brazil. His estimation of Colonel Fawcett is not very high.

The 1952 expedition included Brian Fawcett, a newspaper reporter, a photographer, a U.S. Army medical officer, and Mr. Callado. Apparently their aim was to interview some of the Kalapalo Indians, who had admitted to Orlando Vilas Boas, a famous Indian inspector, that their tribe had murdered Fawcett. Brian Fawcett mentions the confession in *Lost Trails, Lost Cities*, but discounts the story. In *Esqueleto na Lagoa Verde*, Mr. Callado disagrees with Brian Fawcett's refusal to believe the story of the Indian chief. Another point of conflict concerns Fawcett's treatment of the Indians. The Kalapalos claim they were abused by the explorer and therefore decided to murder Fawcett. Brian Fawcett writes that this could not be true as his father never maltreated the Indians. Both Brian Fawcett and Antonio Callado agree that the bones identified by the Indians as those of the explorer belonged to someone else. So they claim that to date Fawcett's remains, if he is dead, have not been discovered.

Antonio Callado's style is loose and slangy. There is also a note of bitterness whenever Brian Fawcett is men-

tioned. The Brazilian feels that much too much excitement has been created over Colonel Fawcett's disappearance. Early in his book, Callado states that one of his relatives disappeared in Rio de Janeiro in 1867. There was no excitement about that mystery, he declares, because his relative was not looking for a lost city.

Contributing to general knowledge, Mr. Callado presents in an annex the 1753 Bandeirante document describing the lost city, a document on which Fawcett relied, reprinted from the 1839-40 *Revista Trimestral de Historia e Geografia do Instituto Geográfico Brasileiro*. The author of *Esqueleto na Lagoa Verde* shows that the document was of questionable value, citing for those who wish to go deeper into the subject the work of Pedro Calmon, *O Segredo das Minas de Prata* (The Secret of the Silver Mines).



Map of Colonel P. H. Fawcett's expeditions in Brazil between 1908 and 1925. From *Lost Trails, Lost Cities*

Early searching expeditions are described by Mr. Callado, who apparently feels that Colonel Fawcett was killed at a fork of the Culene and Tanguru Rivers. Brian Fawcett indicates that his father's last position was further north and west.

Brian does not mention his visit to the area, nor does he mention Callado in *Lost Trails, Lost Cities*. Although both books are about Fawcett, they are completely different. Nowhere do they meet. One carries the legend, the romance, the mystery. *Lost Trails, Lost Cities* is the living Fawcett, the British colonel in the wilderness searching for a lost city. This is sheer drama. The other is a debunking book. *Esqueleto na Lagoa Verde* attempts to cut the Fawcett legend down to size. To begin a study of the Fawcett story based on bedrock information, both books are recommended.—J. M. Young

LOST TRAILS, LOST CITIES. An Explorer's Narrative, by Colonel P. H. Fawcett. Edited by Brian Fawcett. New York, Funk and Wagnalls Company, 1953. 332 p. Illus. \$5.00

ESQUELETO NA LAGOA VERDE, Um Ensaio sobre a Vida e o Sumiço do Coronel Fawcett, by Antonio Callado. Rio de Janeiro, Departamento de Imprensa Nacional, 1953. 99 p.

A SLICE OF CUBAN LIFE

VARIOUS ASPECTS of Cuban life are presented in Enrique Labrador Ruiz' new collection of nine short stories, *El Gallo en el Espejo* (The Cock in the Mirror). The author calls his stories "cubiches"—that is, "Cubanish" tales—not so much in reference to the subjects they deal with, perhaps, as to the lavish use they make of elements of Cuban folklore. Actually, they assemble facets of day-to-day life that are common to all the Spanish American countries; the difference is that they employ Cuban material and atmosphere.

The motifs are varied and well chosen: "Cinqueños" ("Six-Fingered Family") and "Reparada" (named for its heroine) show the workings of slander in small towns. In "El Pedicuro" ("The Chiropodist") we see the tragedy of the unemployed workman. The life of the inland political boss is portrayed in "Tu Sombrero" ("Your Hat"); that of the commercial traveler, in "Nudo en la Madera" ("Knot in the Wood"). "Mármol Maduro" ("Old Marble") gives us the bore with his interminable jokes. The title story, next to last in the volume, deals with a black sheep. "El Viento y la Torre" ("The Wind and the Tower") tells movingly of a girl who leads a sinful life.

Some of these stories close on a note of irony or humor; others—for example, "Aquellas Personas" ("Those People")—seem to fall down badly at the end, which may perhaps be traced to the author's desire to present an extract from real life, with no attention to conventional story form. The moral pointed by its ending distinguishes "El Viento y la Torre," the last in the series and the one I liked best, from all the others.

Labrador Ruiz' characters are chosen from the common people he knows so well and whose qualities he reveals with perception and charm. But his style is weighed down with localisms that make the stories difficult to read. The author himself calls them "dense impressions," in reference perhaps to their strong folkloric flavor; the plot seems always to be following a rocky road through his paragraphs to its destination. But in the midst of this prose colored by Cubanisms, more than a few pages are written simply and in excellent taste. Among the best are the evocations of people and places in "El Viento y la Torre," such as Tasita the streetwalker's revealing story of the drowning man on the Havana waterfront, with its ironic finish. "El Pedicuro" and "Mármol Maduro"—particularly the passage in the latter in which Mamerto tells how he went off to fight the Spaniards—also contain some writing of high quality.

Both circumstances and people constitute a measure of the Cuban character—and this, Labrador Ruiz tells us, was his aim "beyond every other consideration." It is unfortunate, though, that by adopting his very local and personal mode of expression, he has sacrificed every possibility of gaining unanimous recognition from readers in the other Spanish-speaking countries, who will be unfamiliar with his terms. Still, if *El Gallo en el Espejo* is enjoyable and profitable at least to Cubans, this amounts to proof that the stories are written in good *cubiche* and that they catch the feelings of the people.

Cuban novelist Enrique Labrador Ruiz uses island folklore in his short story collection, *El Gallo en el Espejo*



So this is the kind of book on which final judgment will have to rest with the individual reader, rather than with any reviewer.—Guillermo Cabrera Leiva

EL GALLO EN EL ESPEJO, by Enrique Labrador Ruiz, with illustrations by J. L. Horstman. Havana, Editorial Lex, 1953. 163 p.

BOOK NOTES

POEMS BY MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO. Translated by Eleanor L. Turnbull. (Spanish originals included.) Foreword by Dr. John A. Mackay. Baltimore, The Johns Hopkins Press, 1952. 225 p. \$3.50

English-speaking Unamunists could have no better news than the publication of a translation of Unamuno's poetry, unless it is that the translator is Eleanor Turnbull. Skillfully, faithfully, and sensitively, Miss Turnbull brings us, in *Poems by Miguel de Unamuno*, English versions of forty-one of the Spaniard's poems. Together with *The Christ of Velázquez*, translated by Miss Turnbull and published in 1951, they make up the bulk of Unamuno's poetic production. Like his novels, short stories, and philosophical essays, these verses reflect the author's personal mysticism, his irreconcilable conflict between reasoned doubt and persistent faith, his tragic sense of life. "Where are we going?" he asks in "Elegy on the Death of a Dog." Yet, in its agonized quest for the answer, Unamuno's lyric poetry gives us a feeling of serenity and peace.

CUENTOS DE ACÁ Y DE ALLÁ, edited by C. Malcolm Batchelor. Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1953. 192 p. \$2.50

The footnotes and the vocabulary reveal that this is a textbook, but nothing else in the appearance of this smartly designed volume gives that depressing fact away. An anthology of more or less contemporary short stories from Spain and Spanish America intended for second-year students of Spanish, it is as appealing to read as to look at. The stories have not been condensed or "simplified," and seem to have been chosen in compliment to the prospective reader's intelligence rather than on the basis of those scientifically graded word lists that generally underestimate it. Among the authors represented are Gregorio López y Fuentes of Mexico, Rufino Blanco Fombona of Venezuela, Juan Natalicio González of Paraguay, and Ramón del Valle-Inclán of Spain.

ARGENTINE VIRTUOSO (Continued from page 11)

All the anecdotes accumulated by the couple during the several seasons thereafter would fill an extremely large book. In Cuba his appearances competed with hurricanes; in several places he found his concerts vying with bullfights; in Bolivia the audiences included anti-violinistic dogs. Odnoposoff barnstormed through the Latin republics as no artist ever had before, giving recitals in villages you cannot find on maps and generally having a wonderful time. Of course there was an occasional altercation with a deadly snake or the like, but nothing really exciting happened except that several thousand people heard classical music who would never have heard it otherwise, at least not in those days.



Concerts take Argentina's foremost violinist, one of the world's finest, to many parts of the globe. Here camera enthusiast Odnoposoff "shoots" a koala bear in Melbourne, Australia

Odnoposoff has especially tender memories of the Bolivian backwoods, where his recitals always brought out full houses of colorfully bedecked, high-hatted Indians, most of them accompanied by their dogs. Facing a hundred or so skeptical looking canines was a formidable challenge at first, he remembers, but it was not so bad after he discovered that they, like their masters, could be fascinated by his music. When he finally perfected a technique for appealing to this unusual audience, there was no barking until he finished, and no snoring in the meantime, either. The dogs seemed particularly fond of a little number that Odnoposoff fashioned out of a Bolivian folk melody. He calls it *Dream of the Wind* because it ostensibly evokes the rhythms of the altitudinous zephyrs peculiar to that high-lying country.

In 1943, having covered the length and breadth of South America, Ricardo and Hilde settled down again for a year, this time in Mexico City. Then, the following season, came an auspicious date in his life. This was February 5, 1944, when Odnoposoff made his U.S. debut in Carnegie Hall. The *New York Times* called him "one of the outstanding violinists of the day." That was precisely nineteen days before his thirtieth birthday. The intervening years have seen one new honor after another added to his escutcheon—none of them, ironically, in his native Argentina, because he has been in such demand elsewhere.

Too bad that this has been the case, really; Odnoposoff is a pleasure to experience either formally or informally. A sort of sanguine repose, confirmed by a tolerant and tolerable smile, is his ordinary demeanor. Onstage he wears it too, at least while waiting for a cue. The metamorphosis that comes when he lifts his bow is sudden but almost imperceptible. It is as if he were simply transferring from one state of effortlessness to another. There are no demonic mannerisms in the whilom fashion, no maudlin histrionics. Economy of movement is the rule, no matter what the digital demands.

Temperamentally, it is not easy to classify Odnoposoff's playing. The legacy of his environment was Latin, hence romantic. His training was German, hence classical. His sympathies and proclivities, however, are those of youth. Reasonably, then, he should excel in the music of the modernists, and indeed he does, but never at the expense of those qualities that are identified with his dualistic background. Even in *avant-garde* works he vouchsafes the warm tone of a romantic and the formal precision of a craftsman steeped in classical disciplines.

It is even more difficult to pigeonhole Odnoposoff's personal persuasions. Ask him what music he likes best, and he will ask you in return: "How can a performing artist define his tastes? I cannot say that I love or hate this or that. When you have heard that I literally ran after music at the age of two, and I tell you in addition that I am still running after it, what more can I say except that there is always so much to learn that a lifetime seems much too short if one were presumptuous enough to expect the fulfillment of every realization."

Today, in the shadow of his fifth decade, Ricardo Odnoposoff still is every bit the incomparable technician he ever was. Only last March, Irving Kolodin wrote in *The Saturday Review*, apropos of a recording of the violinist had made for the Concert Hall Society, that "he is one of the contemporary masters in all matters relating to the mechanics of his instrument." His interpretations have, if anything, deepened with the passing seasons. He penetrates into the essence of the masterworks whose mysteries are an eternal challenge to the thoughtful artist. And always he brings beauty wherever he goes. Can any other ambassador claim as much? ♦ ♦ ♦

Answers to Quiz on page 47

1. San Blas Indians
2. Preceded (the Panama R. R. was completed in 1855)
3. Coatimundi
4. Octavio Méndez Pereira
5. 8-9 hours
6. Abacá
7. The pollera is the dress; the tamborito, the dance
8. Panama City
9. His cane is used largely to make molasses and brown sugar
10. El Panamá

EMBASSY ROW



The Brazilian Ambassador to the OAS, Dr. Fernando Lobo, is photographed in the embassy living room with Mrs. Lobo and the younger of their two sons, Fernando Henrique. Ambassador Lobo, born in Rio and educated as a lawyer, comes of a family of diplomats, and has been one himself for thirty-five years. He has served in England, Switzerland, and Venezuela, and is no stranger to the United States: from 1935 to 1939 he was Secretary of the Washington Embassy, and from 1942 to 1946 Minister-Counselor.



Dr. and Mrs. Lobo like to read, and share the same literary tastes. They disagree about television—the Ambassador likes it, particularly news programs; Mrs. Lobo says TV makes her restless.

Fernando Henrique, twenty-two, spent his vacation with his parents, but has now gone back to Brazil to resume his studies at engineering school. The Lobos' elder son, Oswaldo, has just graduated from the Rio Branco Institute, which trains foreign-service personnel.



Mrs. Lobo examines some pieces from her collection of china. Another of her hobbies is bridge.

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE

(Continued from page 8)

cattleman rides across ranches and pasture lands. It is the country's most productive region, where the Panamanian people have grown to maturity and where a centuries-old folklore has developed. It contains the thatched huts of the humble rural villages and the towns that are so reminiscent of Andalusia and Estremadura, with their old churches and modern schools facing the central park. The plains of the interior inspired this verse by Moisés Castillo:

The savannas sleep silently
To the gentle murmur of fountains,
And the oxen low mournfully
And the warm-blooded colt scampers around. . . .

Nearly five hundred rivers flow down from the mountains into the Caribbean and the Pacific. They flow rapidly in the highlands, but twist and turn out of sheer laziness when they reach the plains. There they have built bands of fertile, alluvial soil, and if they cause savage and dangerous floods in the rainy season, they grow small and tame when the dry season arrives. The Panamanian loves his rivers; he traverses them in his small fishing boat and dives into their shaded backwaters for relief from the heat—which explains this dream of José María Guardia's:

I would like to live beside the river
In the sweet tranquility of my hut
Breathing the cool air that is stirred up
By the green banana-leaf fan. . . .

Panama's population does not reach a million. But its ethnic composition is rich and varied, dominated by mestizos—a mixture of Indian and Spanish—and coloring runs through the whole spectrum of skin shades. In prehistoric times primitive fishermen led a simple, impoverished life along the shores. From the north came other Amerindian men, with knowledge and attitudes or cultures of a Mayan flavor. In greater numbers came the Chibchas, who were the dominant people in the century of the discovery of America. They tilled the soil, though theirs was merely a subsistence agriculture. They had caciques or head men of fixed regions, and the names of some have taken root. They were good potters and worked gold into masterly filigrees. They buried their dead. And now archeologists search and re-search their graves for the remains of those ancient cultures.

From the sixteenth through the eighteenth centuries, the Spaniards contributed their heterogeneous types, with the swarthy Andalusians, vigorous in speech and passion and best adapted to the heat, coming in the largest numbers. With them the horse and the wheeled cart arrived, and many plants; also the guitar, later to take on local forms. And the process of racial fusion began, forming the mestizo element, although there are still unmixed white descendants of Spaniards who settled here. In the sixteenth century the African Negro was brought by force, to work in slavery. Many revolted in the early days and fled to the jungles of the Bayano Valley or Darién, or sought refuge in the mountains around Portobelo and Nombre de Dios. Descendants of the early Panama-born, chocolate-colored, Spanish-



Farm couple of Océ, Herrera Province. The man wears a genuine and typical montuno outfit



Carnival brings out the ladies' lovely, billowing pollera costumes and flashing jewelry

speaking Negroes are found today on the northern coast, in the Pearl Islands, and in Darién.

The white man's advance forced the Indians to fall back. The human spectrum continued to be enriched: a cross of Negro and white produced the mulatto, while

Negro and Indian gave birth to the *zambo*—the typical medley of tropical America. When the Panama Railroad, from Colón to the capital, was under construction in the middle of the nineteenth century, the Chinaman came, along with the vigorous and dynamic North American frontiersman headed west. Then the French appeared, trying hard to open a breach from ocean to ocean. New shades were again added in the twentieth century, especially during the construction of the canal, and when world wars intensified its strategic importance. Boats full of West Indians from Jamaica and Martinique, or loaded with Galicians, Italians, and Greeks, brought manpower to dig the big ditch. Chinese and Japanese continued to arrive, the former multiplying in the cities, the latter as fishermen. Innumerable U.S. people came—officials, technicians, skilled workers, and soldiers, many soldiers. The cities of Panama and Colón were taking on an ever more cosmopolitan air.

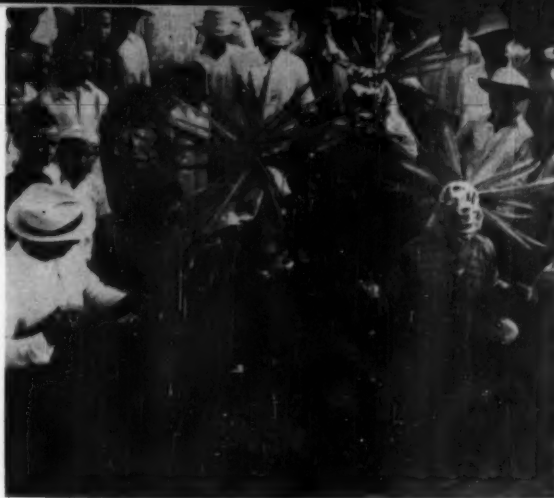
Today there are three groups of Indians on the isthmus: the Kuna on the islands and coast of San Blas and in the forests along the Bayano and Chucunaque Rivers; the Guaymí in the mountains of Chiriquí and Bocas del Toro; the Chocóe in the valleys and wooded fields of the Darién lowlands. North American culture breaks in with the Canal Zone that splits the republic almost exactly in half. Finally, there is the Panamanian culture, whose mestizo element is expanding through the plains on the Pacific side, whose rural people keep folklore tradition alive and pure, and whose nerve center, the capital, has been subjected to the most outside influence. In the terminal cities of Colón and Panama, the chromatic display is complete, exhibiting such characteristic types as the West Indian (the *chombo* in popular speech), the Hindu or Pakistani who appears, unmistakable, in the exotic bazaars of Avenida Central, mixed with Jews from all over (commonly known as *turcos*), the Spaniard or



Spanish, Indian, and African elements all contributed to Panama's rich musical folklore: band with typical instruments

ñopo, the Italians and Greeks of the restaurants and refreshment stands, or the Chinese of the retail grocery trade. This vivacious coloring made Demetrio Korsi exclaim:

Gringos, gringos, gringos... Negroes, Negroes, Negroes...
Shops and stores, a hundred races in the sunshine...
Soldiers, sailors who come and go...
Panama the easy, Panama the open,



"Big Devils" give traditional performance at Corpus Christi Day celebration in Los Santos

Panama of that Avenida Central,
City that is crossroads, bridge, port, and doorway,
Ten thousand foreigners and a thousand women
selling lottery tickets. . . .

Gringos, Negroes, Negroes, gringos... Panama...

This flow of people makes it seem as if you were in the middle of great highways of the world. Transportation began there in the sixteenth century, a foreseen function that gave birth to Panama City, founded in 1519, and to the ancient roads that united it with the northern ports. The Camino Real was built to Nombre de Dios and later rerouted to Portobelo; another road went from Panama to the little port of Cruces on the Chagres River, whence the route followed its waters out to the turbulent Caribbean. This system continued in operation until the railroad was completed in 1855. Finally, when engineering technique reached maturity, it shaped the Canal, which is, in Korsi's words:

. . . Hyphen linking immensities,
North, south, east, west. . . .
Oh locks, matrices of Progress,
Panama is the world. . . .
It is the Isthmus through which the races filter
To see the dioramas of the Canal.

Diorama, says the poet: a panorama of transparent canvases and varied drawings. His lyrical intuition hit the mark. For the Canal Zone and the Panamanian cities attached to it present very different pictures. The Zone with the vein of the Canal running through it, its watery stairways that carry ships up and down as if they were little toys, its artificial lakes festooned with hills and jungles, its towns and forts, its perfectly equipped wharves, its stern, serious, fixed rhythm, bears the unmistakable mark of the United States. And there, around the corner or across the street, is the colorful bustle of the Panamanian cities—excited, nervous, gay. Another picture, another landscape, another pulse.

While the Camino Real, then the railroad, and finally the Canal brought Panama renown, anyone who believes that Panama is only the transportation route, and the phenomena it engendered, is mistaken. There is a people in the Isthmus, a community with an individual culture. The Canal is not Panama.

When Narciso Garay published his charming book *Tradiciones y Cantares de Panamá* in 1930, he opened a

new road to understanding what is *Panamanian*. He thought he found the answer, and defined it thus:

The Panamanian national enigma is different: it is given expression in Spanish by individuals or groups belonging to the pure or mixed races that have already been incorporated into Occidental civilization . . . and which have shaped the national soul under the guidance of Christian morality. This gave rise to a more complete, richer, and varied folklore, in which elements of Indian, European, and African origin, in varying proportions, formed the strange ethnic, linguistic, political, and spiritual complex that is what we mean today by the term *Panamanian*.

Others have followed the path opened by Garay. Gonzalo Brenes collects musical airs and popular *tonadas*; Luisita Aguilera and Sergio González seek out and record legends and traditions; and Manuel Zárate and his wife put their ears to the countryside and go to village fiestas to capture hundreds of beautiful *décimas*. The same Luisita Aguilera and Miguel Amado have tried to define the usages of the popular Panamanian version of spoken Spanish. Educated people are going to the raw material of Panamanian culture to outline its characteristics—its dress, its way of expression, its lack of inhibition.

These people love to display the gracefulness of the women in the splendid *pollera* dress, described by poetess Nicolle Garay:

Vaporous and subtle, pleasingly coquettish in the infinity of its diminutive gathers, voluptuous in the undulation of its sweeping skirt bordered with fine embroidery. . . . In the old days, cambric was the fabric Panamanian ladies preferred for their *polleras*, and from the same subtle material their delicate hands made the finery their maid servants and their children's or grandchildren's nursemaids were to display in popular fiestas. . . . On the *pollera* the ladies and their maids wore jewels. . . . Chocóe gold buttons to close the skirt . . . high shell combs crowned with pearls . . . necklaces . . . of [gold or silver] orange halves or melon seeds, or flattened chains. . . .

And, as less costly accessories, tinkling pearl hair ornaments in spirited shapes and colors, satin slippers, a shawl folded across the shoulder or slung diagonally, and the *chácara* or small purse. This feminine costume, together with the *montuno* outfit worn by the men, animates the Panamanian carnival. A popular *décima* records how the carnival fades, once it has exhausted the revelers:

The banana plantations
On the edge of the road
Awaken to the cry of "Marcelino,
The carnival days are going away."
The thickets awaken
From sleeping in the pure night;
The woman elegantly
Tosses the *pollera* to the wind
Like a flower that opens
On the damp plain.

You find the feelings and sayings of these people in their purest form in the *décimas* or *espinelas*, in which "the country man, ordinarily sparing . . . in his daily prose, is transformed into a flowing fountain of speech by force of the poetic moment," as Zárate accurately observes. There are religious *décimas* just as there are narrative *décimas*, along with opinions about women, political or moral criticism, bits of erudition, courting verses and madrigals, complaints and compliments.

One of Panama's exotic bazaars, operated by members of any one of the multitude of races that have made the Isthmus their home

What of Panamanian folksongs and dances? Composer Roque Cordero maintains that

Our music is cheerful, optimistic, frank; music in which the contagious rhythms of the African slave homesick for his lost liberty is blended with the melodic tones and dance steps of an Andalusian adventurer, to which certain characteristics of the Indian pentatonic scale have been added. All this, passing through the crucible of the simple and noble soul of our farmer, has produced a sublime expression of our nationality, reflecting the affable, good-natured Panamanian character and the country's festive spirit: the *tamborito* . . . rightfully considered the national dance par excellence. . . . [It is] performed by mixed couples dancing separately, and the song—which is sung by the women only, just as the song part of the *mejorana* or *socavón* is exclusively for male voices—is accompanied by the clapping of the audience and three kinds of regional drums. . . .

The *mejorana* is danced to the music of native guitars, and in the interior you frequently hear someone singing the laments known as the *gallino* (rooster), *gallina* (hen), *zapatero* (shoemaker), or *mesano*. Two other dances commonly seen at fiestas are the *punto*, with its promenades and foot tapping, and the *cumbia*, of African origin, in which the dancers exchange lighted candles and strut high.

The soul of the people of Panama is also manifested in other festivals and pilgrimages. During Corpus Christi celebrations in Villa de los Santos, the farces and acrobatics of the big devils—with their debates and trials in which the main devil accuses and an angel defends the soul—the dance of the "dirty little devils," and the dancing drama of the Moctezumas are all notable.

The fabric of Panama's landscapes is woven of these basic elements. The world of jungles looks out over the Caribbean and stretches to the east in Darién—a world that supports the melancholy and withdrawn life of the Indian. On the lowlands and plains along the Pacific we find the Panamanian life and culture, with its work and gaiety, its longings and its "undertow of shattered dreams." Its sparsely settled mountains still seem a promise for the future. And in the center is the region of transit and highway, where the course of the Chagres River has been converted into the Canal, near, very near the city of Panama—nerve center, soul, and synthesis of the Panamanian homeland, now joyfully celebrating its fifty years of life as an independent republic. ♦ ♦ ♦



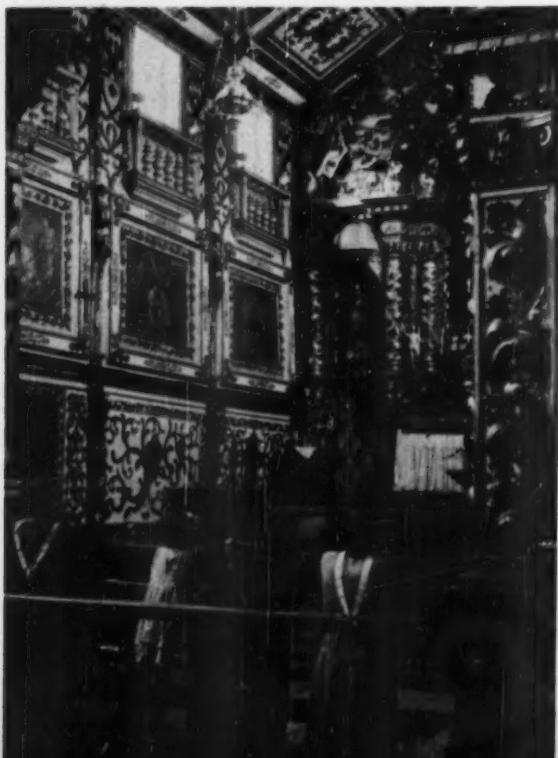
THE SLEEPING BEAUTIES OF MINAS GERAIS

(Continued from page 19)

and even rare old books in the library are catalogued according to the decimal system.

One cannot escape the conclusion that everything in Ouro Preto contributes to the students' welfare. In a city almost completely devoid of places of amusement, necessarily frugal because of its deficient supplies and impoverished surroundings, in a climate that is always cool and a school in which everything encourages work and study, what can the young fellows do except study? Most come from other towns and states, and the vexing housing problem is solved by what they call *repúblicas*: houses shared by a number of students. *Repúblicas* have a lot of character and have become a quaint tradition of student life in Ouro Preto. Among the names on the house signs I found *Quitandinha*, *Verdes Mares* (Green Seas), *Consulado*, *Reino de Baco* (Bacchus' Kingdom), *Mansão dos Nobres* (Noblemen's Mansion), *Sinagoga*, *Hospício* (Insane Asylum), *Pureza* (Purity), *Formigueiro* (Anthill), *Tabu*, *Pif-Paf*.

By courtesy of its tenants, we saw the interior of one of these houses, the *Covil dos Inocentes* (Den of Innocents), an old, dilapidated building. Among the sparse furnishings, the bookcase is the only luxury; the innocents read a great deal and not only in mineralogy and physics, for I also found on their shelves works by Tacitus, Schopenhauer, and Plato. We likewise saw some blackboards, which they use for tutoring each other, hanging on the otherwise bare walls. But although they take their studies so seriously, these young men are not averse to having a good time; we saw, for example, a series of verses that represented a cheerful duel between the lovely young ladies of Ouro Preto and the players in the School of Mines Student Theater.



Contos fountain, one of Ouro Preto's gems of colonial architecture

Here is one of the stanzas from the "What the girls say" column:

*Já vi muita coisa errada
Por este imenso Brasil
Mas nunca vi "inocente"
Que morasse num "covil."*

I've seen many wrong things
In this immense Brazil,
But I've never seen innocents
Dwelling in a den.

In the parallel column, entitled "What we say," was this reply:

*A verdadeira inocência
Não sei se vão concordar
É sempre fazer marmelada
Sem ninguém desconfiar.*

True innocence consists
—I wonder if you'll agree—
In doing naughty things
And not being caught.

It is a pity, but the traditional *repúblicas* may be on the way out owing to a lack of accommodations. The old houses are literally falling apart little by little. Their owners are not interested in restoring them as they were, nor can they afford to replace them with new houses. The wooden walls are giving out, shingles are falling off the roofs, and unless the Treasures Service or the University decides to buy these ancient homes, repair them, and let the students use them, within a few years *repúblicas* will disappear altogether.

Just as chance took us to the Innocents' Den, a casual stroll led us accidentally to discover another priceless item. Needless to say, this particular stroll was like any other in Ouro Preto, where one never walks on a horizontal plane: it is up, then down, then up again. Often your effort is rewarded when you come upon some old fountain or the home of a famous poet of yesterday. Such houses are touching, but not surprising, for they are thoroughly rooted in their environment. Other discoveries, however, are unexpected. As we wandered about the city we suddenly found ourselves in a horrible old street. We continued walking, but grew discouraged as we tried to negotiate the cobblestones, which were as slippery as ice. Drenched with sweat from the sun's rays

At prayer in the parish church of Sabará. The old gold-mining village has brought the past alive through its dynamic museum

cruelly reflected on the whitewashed walls, we couldn't spot a single tree. Scant consolation that it is a tourist "must"—the Bairro das Cabeças—the "neighborhood of the heads"—where the gallows and pillory used to be! Suddenly, without the least transition, we found ourselves in a sort of paradise on earth, cooled by a brook, shady and fragrant, surrounded by rolling farmland. This is no millionaire's estate, but a sort of boys' town, the Instituto Barão de Camargos, whose director, Mr. Plínio Ramos, cordially welcomed us to his amazing establishment. An institution devoted to homeless boys, its facilities are very good, its teaching program extremely versatile, and its buildings and grounds kept spotless. We also learned that those hills are planted to tea, perfectly acclimated under Ouro Preto skies. It is the so-called Itacolomí Tea, comparable to Lipton or Ridgway and cultivated by the boys.

To view Ouro Preto in its proper perspective and know precisely what it stands for, a trip to Mariana, an hour or two away, is essential. Next to Belo Horizonte, Ouro Preto is a lifeless village; but in comparison with Mariana, it is a bustling metropolis. In Mariana life has really stopped, things have not changed since colonial



Mariana's Town Hall, where friendly jailbirds requested cigarettes

days. Smothered in a valley at the foot of the mountains, nestled comfortably in a summer afternoon's calm, the little town welcomes you with a century-old yawn. On the Largo de São Francisco, through the barred windows of the Town Hall, convicts greet you cordially and ask for a cigarette; next door, an *araponga* (a kind of bell-bird) hammers away at the air once in a while. No one in the streets, in the park, in the churches. We walked by the home of Alphonsus de Guimarães, a great poet who used to be Mariana's district attorney. Until you have heard the silence of Rua Direita, you will never fully sympathize with poor Alphonsus' sorrowful verses.

Some of the inhabitants still remember his Bohemian personality, his jokes, his epigrams, for he was the life and soul of any intellectual gathering. I even found one man who recalled some conundrums Alphonsus used to indulge in to ward off the boredom of long, still evenings. But no one knows a single line of his poems any more. In Mariana the only voice that brings back Alphonsus' verses is the monotonous and heartrending cry of the *araponga* next door to the jail. ♦ ♦ ♦

COLONIAL ETIQUETTE

(Continued from page 23)

"at your feet" or of courteous generosity such as "it is at your disposal" and "this is your house," which so outraged the Italians, proceeded originally from Arabic forms of etiquette, according to the semantic research of Américo Castro, G. Rittwagen, and Max Leopold Wagner. Hence the contrast between Spanish ceremony and that of other European peoples. An example of how far it went is the letter written by Don Luis de Requesens in 1566 to Philip II, in which he says: "Your Majesty's creature, vassal, and servant, who kisses your most royal feet and hands." But such extremes did not overstep what were then considered normal bounds.

Contrary to the opinion of the Italians, who spoke with natural passion against their foreign masters, the Spanish ideal of courtesy combined personal pride with respect for the pride of others. Agapito Rey reminds us of the fifteenth-century Bohemian traveler who became indignant on seeing that the men of Olmedo refused to humble themselves in church. "They are even worse than pagans," declared the foreigner, "for when the body of Christ is raised at Mass, no one bends his knee, but all remain standing, like animals." Pride and courtesy went hand in hand, and it was not thought humiliating to show due submission to one's superior, or esteem and respect to one's equal or inferior; but when the standards of etiquette were violated, the injured party rushed to defend his dignity. Duels arising from slights took place daily in Spain and America alike. In the last analysis, the Spaniards' whole code of behavior amounted to nothing but their exaggerated ideas of honor and of "paying respect to each other."

So there is no need to explain the *criollo's* courtesy in terms of the Indian. It is enough to point out that it became his distinguishing feature as part of the process of becoming a gentleman, just as pretentiousness and luxurious living, common in Spain, were carried twice as far in the Indies.

The soldiers themselves took care to teach urbanity to their sons and even to the Indians. Fray Reginaldo de Lizárraga relates that in Paraguay, in the second half of the sixteenth century, "the old conquistadors disciplined the mountaineers and the ordinary Spaniards and trained them in good breeding, just as their parents had trained them. No youth was to speak or cover his head or sit down in the presence of old men even if he had a beard; and the aged called even the most respected younger man *tú*, or at best a very long-drawn-out *vos*."

There were plenty of false Spanish nobles—men who boasted of nonexistent riches and tried to cover up their lowly status with the varnish of glory. One who lived in Italy appeared in a novel by Matteo Bandello, and a poor *hidalgo* of the Indies was described during the seventeenth century in the pages of Thomas Gage. These Chiapas *hidalgos* he called fools who persist in feigning greatness or profound knowledge, however poor and silly they may be. And in a scene that paints them to perfection he explained how, if one of their friends happened to pass by, they never failed to pick a crumb out of their

Typical man of the Indies was Don Juan Ruiz de Alarcón y Mendoza, who was the butt of many jokes for taking a title



beards, nor to exclaim: "Caballero! You have come late, and I am sorry, for I have just eaten an excellent partridge." And all this just to give the impression that they kept a knight commander's table and feasted like country gentlemen, although their birds and fish were grown in the bean and garlic patches and never swam except in the soup pot.

The pretentiousness of the Americans in Spain was a frequent subject of ridicule in Peninsular literature. For example, the delightful verses concluding Lope de Vega's *La Dama Boba* repeatedly query, "¿De dó viene el caballero? [Where does the gentleman come from?]" and in the refrain comes the ironic reply: "Viene de Panamá [He comes from Panama]"—the trading post of the Indies and the last place one might expect to find gentlemen.

An oppressive share of these jokes fell on Alarcón. As a typical man of the Indies, and also as a writer struggling to get ahead, he was not over-modest about his endowments, even exaggerated some of them—his lineage, for example. In 1617, when he was about thirty-six, he decided to use publicly the *don*, which strictly speaking he was not entitled to. Alarcón was an hidalgo, but that did not give him the right, according to old Spanish usage, to bestow the illustrious title on himself. At once his rivals and enemies in the fierce literary world of the era let loose cutting attacks. Quevedo wrote: "Don Juan's last names grow like mushrooms: yesterday he called himself Juan Ruiz; he added the Alarcón, and today tacks on the Mendoza, which some people read as Mendacio [liar]. If only his body would grow thus, for it is a heavy load for such a little beast! I assure you, he's got his humps full of names. And observe that the D. does not stand for *don*, but is a profile portrait of



Even the code of behavior of the Indians, shown here in restrained greeting, was ceremonious

him." Cristóbal Suárez de Figueroa remarked: "This madness came upon him one night . . . and in the morning he woke up a *don*." Lope, for his part, dedicated an epigram to him, apparently copied from one Quevedo had aimed at Dr. Montalván:

*Añadiremos un don
diremos que es caballero,
y, aunque con poco dinero,
tendrá mucha presunción.*

We'll add a *don*,
We'll say he's a gentleman,
And though he has little money,
He'll have a lot of effrontery.

Alarcón, in turn, defended himself in *Las Paredes Oyen* (The Walls Hear) and above all in *La Prueba de las Promesas* (The Proof of the Promises). In taking the *don* he had resorted to a custom of the Indies, and he defended his attitude on general principles:

*... He de darte una lición
para que puedas saber
—si a murmurar te dispones—
de los pegadizos dones
la regla que has de tener:
si fuera en mí tan reciente
la nobleza como el don,
diera a tu murmuración
causa y razón suficiente;
pero si sangre heredé
con que presuma y blasone,
¿Quién quitará que me endone*

I'll have to give you a lesson
So that you may know
—If you're inclined to grumble—
The rule to follow
With tacked-on *dons*:
If nobility in me
Were as recent as the *don*,
Your grumbling would have
Sufficient cause and reason;
But if I inherited blood
That I can brag about,
Who'll keep me from calling
myself *don*

*cuando la gana me dé?
¿Qué es don y qué significa?*

When I want to?
What is *don* and what does
it mean?

*—Es accidente del nombre,
que la nobleza del hombre
que le tiene nos publica.*

It is an addition to the name
That reveals to us
The nobility of the man who
has it.

Remember that Alarcón considered true nobility to lie in virtue, but at the same time he shared the then-common belief in the moral superiority of noblemen, as the last two lines show. He continues, also in *La Prueba de las Promesas*:

*Luego si es noble, es bien hecho
ponerse don siempre un hombre,
pues es el don en el nombre
lo que el hábito en el pecho.*

Then if he is noble, it is
always well
For a man to call himself *don*,
For the *don* on his name
Is as clothes on his breast.

By that time abuse of the title had become widespread in Spain, largely because of the people from the Indies. Among those guilty of it was the hidalgo Alonso Quijano. Then Cervantes had Don Quixote call two rustic, loose-living women "Doña Tolosa" and "Doña Molinera." In 1589, Philip II, alarmed by the way things were going, had issued a decree against exaggerated courtesy and ordered that he himself should be addressed simply as "señor"; but this measure was ineffectual and was finally withdrawn. Quevedo asserted in *La Visita de los Chistes* that "I have seen tailors and masons with *don*," after Huaman Poma had made a similar observation on America. And Don Sebastián de Covarrubias reported in 1611 that "many gentlemen have rejected the *don*, and do not use it; and for those who have abandoned it, many more have taken it who have no right to it."

Even in this atmosphere of disproportionate fondness for ceremony and honors, Alarcón was excessively courteous. For the luxury, ambition, and glory of the Indies had doubled and redoubled the ceremonious ways of the Spaniards. ♦ ♦ ♦

KNOW YOUR PANAMANIAN NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 39



1. For centuries these island Indians of Panama's northeast coast have observed distinctive tribal customs, maintaining a splendid isolation. Are they San Blas, Motilón, Yahgan, or Arawak Indians?

2. Did the building of the Panama Railroad precede, coincide with, or follow the beginning of the construction of the Panama Canal?



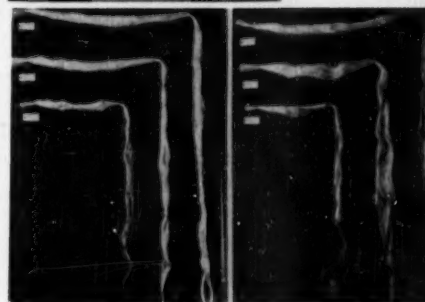
3. This friendly little fellow resembling a raccoon, found abundantly on Barro Colorado Island, U.S. biological reservation in Gatún Lake, is known as a *gato solo* ("lone cat"). What is he called in English?

4. Founder of Panama's modern educational system and one-time rector of the National University. Is he Ferdinand de Lesseps, Octavio Méndez Pereira, Andrés Bello, or Horace Mann?



5. To transit the Panama Canal takes, on the average, 24-48, 12-14, 3-4, 8-9 hours?

6. Hemp fiber that is one of the country's leading agricultural exports. Is it tagua, abacá, Cabeza de Vaca, or guano?



7. Two of Panama's national institutions are shown in this photo of couple dancing. One is the *pollera*; the other, the *tamborito*. One is a dance; the other, the girl's festival dress. Which is which?

8. Street scene in Panamanian city at eastern terminus of Canal. What is its name?



9. Would you say that Panama is a country where the small farmer competes profitably with large sugar interests, or is his cane used mostly to make molasses and brown sugar?

10. One of leading tourist attractions and one of the finest hotels in Latin America is Panama City's Quitandinha, Goethals Biltmore, Plaza, or El Panamá?



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

MALE CHAUVINISM?

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Armando S. Pires' U.S. friend who complains of the male chauvinism in the lyrics of Mexican and Cuban songs is making a dangerous generalization ("Rio and Tin Pan Alley," August 1953 issue). One out of ten old boleros, new boleros or bolero-mambos is written to be sung exclusively by men; the rest, the overwhelming majority, are so worded that they can be sung either by Olga Charens or Pedro Vargas, for example. In fact, their popularity depends on that very adaptability. While Jorge Negrete and others, with an occasional assist from composers like Agustín Lara, have cultivated this regrettable male chavinism, the vast majority of singers and composers have not—particularly now that women singers outnumber the men three to one.

The great boleros, those that have made the bolero universal (they're called rumbas in the United States), like *Quíereme Mucho*; *Corazón*; *Bésame Mucho*; *Un Viejo Amor*; *Amor, Amor, Amor*; *Solamente Una Vez*; and two or three dozen more that are considered as standard, have been successfully recorded by women and were big hits in many instances due to that very fact.

Another one-hundred-per-cent-Mexican product, the ranchera, traditionally uses as the main theme the man who has gone to the dogs because a woman has "done him wrong." And even this has not kept the women from invading the ranchera field. *Tu Recuerdo y Yo*, which should be sung by a man, has been a great hit in the recordings of La Panchita, the Padilla Sisters, and Juanita García, who have altered the lyrics slightly to suit their purpose.

D. Cabarga
Washington, D.C.

PORTUGUESE YANKEES

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading your very interesting article in the August issue of AMERICAS—"Portuguese Yankees." My patrinomer "Francisco" is very likely of Portuguese or Spanish origin. The family settled in the early eighteenth century in northern New Jersey in a Holland Dutch community, now Caldwell, in Essex County. The early records in New Amsterdam refer to a Jan Francisco from Cape Verde who baptized a son in 1640 (Reformed Church Records). Since genealogical research is my hobby, I am always looking for material such as you included in your article on these early Portuguese migrations.

S. C. Francisco
Upper Montclair, N.J.



Dear Sirs:

Your article on the Portuguese in the U.S.A. was indeed an enlightening one, even for a Portuguese Yankee, as I am.

During a recent visit to Gloucester I picked up this bit of information on the Church of Our Lady of Good Voyage, a photo of which I enclose (see cut): founded in 1890 and erected three years later, it was modeled after the Church of St. Miguel in the Azores and given this name to symbolize good voyage through life to all peoples, especially the fishermen. The original church

was destroyed by fire in 1914 and the new one as it stands today was erected in 1915. The carillon of thirty-one bells was cast in Loughboro, England, and was dedicated by Mon. Anton Brees, of Antwerp, Belgium, in May, 1922.

Susana Maier
Cambridge, Mass.

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service should specify whether they want letters in English, Spanish, Portuguese, or French. Where a language preference has been expressed it is indicated below by an initial after the name.

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- 6 Foto Flatau—Courtesy Don Glassman
- 7 Foto Flatau (2)—Courtesy Angel Rubio
- 8 From *Old Panama and Castillo del Oro*, by C. L. G. Anderson—Courtesy Panama Canal Company
- 9 Julio Berstein Tagle
- 10 Courtesy Ricardo Odnoposoff—José Gómez-Sicre
- 11 F. Adelhardt
- 12 Courtesy Science Service
- 13 Courtesy Westinghouse
- 14 Courtesy Science Talent Institute—Courtesy Westinghouse
- 15 Courtesy Joseph Houston, Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies—Science Service—Courtesy Westinghouse
- 18, 19, 44, 45 Edoardo Taux
- 20 Julio Berstein Tagle
- 21 Fernando Marco, from *Tradiciones Peruanas*, by Ricardo Palma
- 22 Fernando Marco, from *Tradiciones Peruanas*, by Ricardo Palma—from *Aspectos de Lima*, by Fabio Camacho
- 23 Bacle lithograph published by Viau in Buenos Aires, 1946. *Trajes y Costumbres de la Provincia de Buenos Aires*
- 28 F. Adelhardt (1, 4, 5)—Bruno of Hollywood
- 30 Courtesy U. S. Bureau of Public Roads—Foto Flatau—Scott Seegers
- 31 Foto Flatau, courtesy Panama Tourist Bureau
- 39 Courtesy Ricardo Odnoposoff
- 40 José Gómez-Sicre
- 41 Courtesy Angel Rubio
- 42 Foto Flatau—Courtesy Angel Rubio
- 43 Scott Seegers
- 46 Photograph of painting by José Vallejo—Pierre Verger, from *Fiestas y Danzas en el Cuzco y en Los Andes*
- 47 No. 1, Paul's Photos, Chicago—No. 3, courtesy C. B. Feeney—No. 4, Brooks—No. 5, Official U. S. Navy Photograph—No. 9, Foto Flatau—No. 10, El Halcón, Panama

Américas

invites you to participate in a hemisphere-wide

PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

PLEASE NOTE: As a result of requests from several countries, AMERICAS is extending the closing date of the contest from October 1, 1953 to January 1, 1954.

1. The contest is open to all amateur photographers of the member countries of the Organization of American States, except employees of the Pan American Union and their immediate families. Closing date is January 1, 1954. Entries must be postmarked no later than that date. No entry fee is required.
2. Subject matter must be typical of your country: people, places, things. Any number of photographs may be submitted by an entrant.
3. Only unpublished photographs are eligible for the contest.
4. Only black-and-white glossy prints will be judged. Touched-up or colored prints are not acceptable, nor should there be any signature on the photographic surface. Size must be 8 x 10 inches.
5. Photos should be sent by registered mail. They should be protected by cardboard to avoid folding and cracking. Do not send negatives.
6. Each print must have glued on the back a filled-in entry blank as provided here, or facsimile thereof. Please print or typewrite the information requested on the blank.
7. All prints will be held for judging after January 1, 1954, and no entries will be returned. Announcement of winners will be published shortly thereafter. Our judges' decisions will be final. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
8. All entrants who win prizes will be required to lend original negatives before prizes are awarded. Winning photos will be published in AMERICAS with full credit to the photographer. They may also be included in an exhibit presented in the Pan American Union building in Washington, and later circulated throughout the United States. Non-prize-winning pictures acceptable to AMERICAS may be bought for single publication at the regular rate of \$5.00, payable when used.
9. The best entry from each of the twenty-one American Republics will receive a prize of \$25.00. A grand prize of \$75.00 will be given for the best of the twenty-one winning photos.
10. Address all entries to Photo Contest Editor, AMERICAS, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D.C. We cannot enter into correspondence of any kind regarding entries.

This entry blank, or facsimile thereof, must be glued to the back of each photograph entered.

.....
Name.....

Street, or Box Number.....

City..... State..... Country.....

Picture Title.....

Where Made.....

Lens..... Aperture and Shutter Speed.....

Film..... Filter.....

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**BOLETIN
DEL
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